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IT IS UNUSUAL that the Russell Sage Foundation should issue a report which declares that the capitalist system has failed in a major industry. It is nothing less than extraordinary when such a report goes on to insist that nationalization of that industry alone would be no remedy and that the sole hope lies in collective ownership and operation of all natural resources as part of a planned economy. This is the conclusion of Mary van Kleeck and a staff of investigators after a fifteen-year study of the coal industry in this and other countries. For fifty years, the report sets forth, the coal industry of this country has been disgraced by unemployment, waste, and discrimination in price against the small consumer. "The most cautious investigator appears now to be justified in drawing the conclusion that these evils are inherent in the system of separate private ownerships—that is, in the capitalist system," is the verdict.

> Yet it should be obvious [continues the report] that this problem cannot be solved or even envisaged for one industry alone. It is the problem of the total economic system. . . . The government, which is merely one function of the community, is not a supreme power able to hold the scales of justice in favor of greater efficiency or social righteousness, but must on the contrary be dominated by the strongest power among the conflicting interests which make up the community. . . . The history of failure of efforts to secure even a minimum of control by the federal government in the coal industry suggests that the economic power of the owners is stronger than the government.

THE REPORT of the Russell Sage Foundation goes on to say that the National Industrial Recovery Act does not attempt to lessen this power. It gives to the coal owners the nation's sanction to govern themselves, merely establishing "rules of the game," including minimum wages and maximum hours, while the minimum wage is not large enough for a proper standard of living and the maximum hours are not short enough to give work to all the miners. Most remote of all is any provision for stabilizing employment or eliminating further overdevelopment of the mines. But mere nationalization of the mines would not meet the problem, it is insisted. Mismanagement induced by political considerations would probably follow.

> So long as private ownership continued in any important industries, they would dominate government and prevent planning even the governmentally owned industries for social uses. If this conclusion appears to be purely negative—that the United States cannot have a planned economy so long as capitalism continues—it is put forward nevertheless in the interest of the clear thinking which is of great importance in the present crucial period in the history of the United States. . . . A planned economy is an administrative structure predicated upon collective ownership of all branches of production and distribution which are to be planned and administered.

These are strong words. They are, to be sure, what scientific socialists have been saying for a long time, but that they are now said under the sponsorship of the Russell Sage Foundation is not only extraordinary but—we hope—a portent of a reorientation of economic thinking in a large group in this country.

THE RAILROADS have not chosen a propitious moment in which to propose a 15 per cent reduction in wages. Whether justified or not, they were bound to meet with opposition from the workers, the Roosevelt Administration, and the general public. The mere suggestion of a cut in wages, and therefore in purchasing power, runs counter to the philosophy of the New Deal. It also finds the railway workers more eager to defend their interests than they have been for some years. This group feels that it has made as many sacrifices in behalf of the prosperity of the railway lines as have the managers and owners. Some of the workers also believe that they have been slighted by not being included in any of the NRA codes. While Joseph B. Eastman, the Federal Transportation Coordinator, has upheld the right of the railway men to engage in collective bargaining through representatives of their own choosing, he has done nothing as yet to shorten the working week or to revise existing wage agreements. President Roosevelt came quickly to the defense of the workers. In a public letter he pointed out to the railway managers that the welfare of the country demanded that they postpone their wage decision another six

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months. He also hinted at the possibility of a nation-wide strike in case the railroads refused to alter their attitude. A strike of the employees of the Kansas City Southern lines, which are to put a "revised" wage schedule into effect on March 1, has openly been threatened. For their part, the railroads assert that even with an improvement in business they cannot expect to earn a fair return on their capital and continue to meet the present wage scales. Nor is there any valid reason to suppose that the railroads are not telling the truth. But the solution of the railroad problem does not lie in another cut in wages. It lies in a drastic financial and administrative reorganization of the entire railroad system of the country or, that failing, in government ownership and operation.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has acted wisely in asking Congress to extend for one year—until July 1, 1935—the temporary provision in the bank-deposit insurance law which guarantees deposits in full only up to $2,500. This means that the provisions guaranteeing deposits in full up to $10,000, and to the extent of 75 per cent between $10,000 and $50,000 and 50 per cent above $50,000, will be suspended for a year. Possibly at the end of a year's consideration they will be abandoned entirely. The present temporary provisions insure in full 97 per cent of all bank depositors. This is sufficient to prevent runs and bank panics, and those who have deposits of more than $2,500 are presumably in a position to look into an individual bank's soundness. The so-called "permanent" provisions would probably not have achieved even temporarily the object they were designed to achieve. For if a depositor who had more than $50,000 in a bank came to feel that that bank was shaky, he would pull out whatever money he had in excess of $10,000 in spite of the guaranty, for he would be no more willing to lose part than all of it. The potential drain of this larger guaranty on the banking system, on the other hand, would have been very heavy; and some authorities had even contended that it threatened the solvency of the whole system. Even the present partial guaranty, to the extent that it does compel soundly managed banks to pay for the mistakes or corruption of bad banks, is more than questionable in principle, for it obviously approaches the banking problem from the wrong end. It is folly to undertake to make good the losses of banks whose policy one cannot control. The first step in the solution of the banking problem is the unified control of all the country's banks by the federal government.

THE FLOW of gold toward these shores has been proceeding at such a rate that it is expected to reach a total of $350,000,000 to $450,000,000 in February alone. Most of it is coming, either directly or indirectly, from France. The inflow has been widely attributed to the "repatriation" of American capital that was sent abroad in anticipation of or during our abandonment of the gold standard. It seems probable, however, that the role of the repatriation of American capital in the current gold movement has been exaggerated. There is no reason, indeed, for supposing that previously frightened American capitalists are now completely confident regarding the permanence of the new level of the dollar; the President has specifically announced that he reserves the right to change it downward by as much as 15 per cent at any time without prior notice. The chief cause for the gold inflow is rather the official undervaluation of the dollar—or, to put it another way, the fact that the United States, under present exchange conditions, is bidding a higher price for gold than any other country. The metal is now gravitating to the United States for the same reason that it gravitated to France in 1928 when the franc was also officially devaluated at an unnecessarily low level. So far the gold drain has not seriously affected the Bank of France, which still reports a gold-reserve ratio of 77¾ per cent, or more than twice as great as it is legally required to keep. Only if the flow of gold toward America reaches a point where it begins to undermine confidence in the franc in France itself, or where it threatens the currency of one of the smaller members of the gold bloc, will the franc be forced off gold. Meanwhile it seems strange that an Administration which has talked so much of "repudiating" gold has consistently followed a policy of reaching out for, seizing, and hoarding it—at whatever cost to the rest of the world—on a scale hitherto unheard of.

THE National Committee for the Protection of the Child has had a number of things to say lately about the child-labor amendment to the Constitution, now ratified by twenty States. This committee would protect children from the horrid officers who might seek to prevent them, under the proposed new law, from helping their mothers with the dishes or fetching in wood for the kitchen stove. This sort of nonsense might be ignored if it did not issue from the mouths of prominent persons, among them none other than A. Lawrence Lowell, president emeritus of Harvard University. Mr. Lowell declares that he, too, wants to prohibit the exploitation of children in "factories, mines, and industries." But he is unwilling to support an amendment to the Constitution which would do just that because the amendment might also prevent boys and girls from earning their way through college or might permit the invasion of the American home. The President of the United States takes a more realistic view of child labor. In a letter to Mrs. LaRue Brown of Boston he came out flatly and unequivocally for the amendment. "Of course I am in favor of it," he said. "It is my opinion that the matter hardly requires further academic discussion." Mr. Roosevelt evidently had not had the opportunity to listen to Mr. Lowell. But the news bureaus had, it would seem. For the President's letter, which might be thought to be news of the first order, was relegated, when it was carried at all, to an obscure position. The Associated Press did not think it worth sending out except to New England. Statements from Alfred E. Smith, Nicholas Murray Butler, Cardinal O'Connell, and others, agreeing in substance with the pious fears of Mr. Lowell for the sanctity of the home, did, however, reach readers all over the country. Evidently what the President says is news—except when he is in favor of a bill that, among other things, would prevent using small boys to peddle newspapers during all hours of the day or night.

WITHOUT TRYING to keep up with the changing status of the LaGuardia economy bill, a few general remarks are worth making. First, the Mayor of New York City has shown himself from the beginning ready to listen to honest objections to the bill and has been willing to make

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such amendments as were thought to be needed to safeguard the rights of the city workers affected. Second, the lobby that has formed in opposition to the bill, including in some measure the spokesmen for the school teachers, is obviously political in character and entirely selfish in aim. Third, the kind of aid Postmaster-General Farley is giving to the bill will not help it, nor is it designed to; everybody knows that Mr. Farley has only definitely to ask for support and he will get it. Finally, the measure itself is not perfect; it does contravene campaign promises that should never have been made; it does place the burden of economy for the present on certain groups of moderately paid employees. But it is an emergency measure, designed to bring the city out of an immediate crisis. Nobody can doubt that Mayor LaGuardia will in the course of the next few months propose other ways of raising money. New taxes must be levied, although whether additional taxes on real estate can be collected is another matter; the question of reducing the bond interest must be gone into thoroughly. Assemblyman Theodore of Manhattan, in a debate on the bill on February 14, said: "We don't care whether New York City goes bankrupt; we don't care whether the United States government goes bankrupt; this government is going to proceed on the basis on which it was founded." Mr. Theodore later tried to have his remarks expunged from the record. They are, however, all too characteristic of most of the opposition to Mayor LaGuardia's proposal.

SHOULD the minds of prisoners be free even though their bodies are not? The question has long caused considerable controversy in American prisons when it comes to the reading matter which prisoners are allowed to receive. Practice varies in different prisons and according to wardens, and the issue was raised lately at Sing Sing by the imposition of a ban upon certain radical publications, notably the Communist *New Masses, Labor Defender,* and *Daily Worker.* The National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners responded by sending a delegation to Lewis E. Lawes, warden of the famous New York prison, to protest that no provision of law authorized withholding from a prisoner any literature legally transmittible through the mails. Mr. Lawes, who is recognized as a liberal and progressive prison official, eventually agreed, although without abandoning his claim to the right to censor prisoners' reading matter, that inmates of Sing Sing might receive any publications which they desired, provided the warden did not regard the cartoons as inflammatory. The delegation felt that practically if not technically it had won its case, but the issue there and elsewhere deserves further clarification. There is no justification for incarcerating the mind as well as the body of a prisoner. Even if it were theoretically desirable, no method has been discovered by which censorship can be carried out without the exercise of partisanship and, usually, stupidity.

ST. LOUIS and the large metropolitan area of which it is the center have been shocked by a series of tragic deaths resulting from illegal operations performed by a physically incapacitated seventy-one-year-old midwife. Seven women died within a brief period from abortions which she is said to have performed, and the grief-stricken husband of one of them ended his own life at his wife's grave. In one case it was explained that the operation was resorted to because the woman was the mother of a seven-months-old baby. Surely if word of this could be made to reach each member of Congress, the Pierce-Hastings bill to remove the Comstock-imposed restrictions against using the mails and common carriers for distributing birth-control information and supplies would be speedily reported out of committee and passed. That there is a definite relationship between abortions, with the deaths which so frequently result from them, and lack of easy access to contraceptive information cannot be doubted. Every obstetrician and every social worker knows that abortions are most common where law and custom make it difficult for women to learn how to limit the size of their families. The question of legalizing such operations need not enter into the discussion. The point is that the ban on birth control sends hundreds of women every day to persons who are without medical skill or professional ethics. The woman who did the operating in the cases in and about St. Louis, it was discovered, did not have so much as a midwife's license. Other arguments for birth control relate for the most part to economic and social health; the St. Louis tragedies offer an argument involving that which is most precious of all—human life.

THE LATEST INCIDENT in the Rivera-Rockefeller controversy occurred when the panel containing the head of Lenin was "removed" in a cloud of plaster dust from the wall in Rockefeller Center in New York City, where it had stood under a concealing screen since last spring. In other words, the Rockefellers, well known as patrons of art, have destroyed, for purely commercial reasons, an important work by the world's most famous mural painter. But it is difficult to see what Rockefeller Center has gained, even commercially, from the petty squabble which it has pursued even to the point of destroying an original and irreplaceable creation of a fine artist. To be sure, Lenin's head is no longer on the wall to scare faint-hearted tenants. But what sightseer will not ask to see the place where it once was? And will Rockefeller Center ever be separated in the public mind from Lenin, Rivera, and communism? We doubt it. Moreover, the present agitation by artists and intellectuals—the darlings of Rockefeller foundations—to boycott the Center will not be the last, and even a renting agent must recognize such agitation as bad publicity. Altogether, the Rivera episode was one of the Rockefellers' less successful ventures in oil.

THE NATION announces with regret the resignation of Ernest Gruening from the board of editors. He has left to become editor of the New York *Evening Post,* which under the ownership of J. David Stern is undergoing a most impressive reorientation as an independent, progressive journal. In his new capacity Ernest Gruening will have an opportunity to exercise his great gifts as a crusader and as the proponent of a vigorous, liberal public policy. His militant and dynamic temper is exactly what is needed in the feeble ranks of daily journalism in New York. While the editors of *The Nation* regret the loss of so able a colleague, we cannot but congratulate ourselves as well as the *Evening Post* upon the injection of this spirit into the pages of a newspaper that once was a great force in American journalism and will, we feel sure, under the leadership of Mr. Stern and Mr. Gruening, soon achieve that position again.

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The Death of Austrian Democracy

AUSTRIA'S workers, forced to retreat before the superior strength of an armed dictatorship, have now been utterly defeated. But in its defeat Austrian labor won its greatest triumph, for it served notice on the ruling classes that working men and women in the future will resist attempts to rob them of their rights and their organizations. The disappointment of a large portion of the working masses all over the world when, in 1914, the Socialist parties succumbed to militarist leaders, the despondency that lamed their efforts after the German labor parties permitted themselves to be swept away by the National Socialist flood in January, 1933, will give place to a new hope.

An interview by the Vienna correspondent of the New York *Times* with Otto Bauer, the most prominent of the leaders of the Austrian Social Democracy, shows to what lengths the party had gone since last March to come to an understanding with the Dollfuss regime. The little Napoleon at the head of Austria declined almost from the outset to negotiate with the Social Democrats, yet the latter tried again and again, through the mediation of Christian Social leaders, the Austrian President, the clergy, and finally the Cardinal of Vienna, to come to an understanding with the government. Indeed, in its desire to prevent at all costs the establishment of a National Socialist dictatorship the Social Democracy undoubtedly went a great deal farther in its toleration of the Dollfuss Government than the largest party in the country, particularly a labor party, had any right to do. It even offered to accept a law that would authorize Dollfuss to reign for two years by decrees, without convening the Reichsrat.

In his recent radio speech, broadcast in the United States, the chief of the Austrian government repeated the statement he had made on previous occasions—that the Social Democratic leaders had provoked the recent showdown, for which they had been preparing for years past, and had thus contravened the peaceable intentions of the government. This Otto Bauer emphatically refutes. When the aggressive measures of the government had made it clear that the showdown had to come, he says, the Socialist Party leadership made a last effort to hold back its followers and avoid an open break. Vice-Chancellor Fey had used the absence of the Chancellor in Budapest—surely as the result of an understanding with him—to perpetrate a series of provocative measures against organized labor. He placed Heimwehr troops in the building of the Vienna *Arbeiterzeitung* and the office of the party executive and stopped the publication of the Socialist organ. Yet the workers of Vienna made no attempt to resist. The Heimwehr thereupon turned its attention to the provinces. In Linz and Graz similar outrages were committed, but the Heimwehr found the workers less complacent in those cities. On February 11 a Socialist coming from Linz warned Otto Bauer that the comrades were preparing to defend themselves against further Heimwehr encroachments. He at once sent an urgent message to Linz to avoid an open conflict at all costs until Monday's conference with Dollfuss, the Heimwehr leaders, and the provincial governors should have brought a decision. But the next morning the Heimwehr raided the headquarters of the Linz Socialists, killing two and wounding several of the resisting workers.

The government used this critical moment to search the municipal apartment houses in Vienna for hidden arms. Provoked beyond endurance, the Social Democracy at last decided to act in defense of the last few pitiable rights it had. Parliament had been dissolved, the shop councils abolished, trade unions deprived of every possibility for action, the Socialist press outlawed, the party itself declared illegal and many of its leaders arrested. The violation of the homes of the workers was the last straw. Now the party had no alternative but utter degradation or open resistance. It chose the latter. The splendid men of the workers' defense corps fought with courage and self-sacrificing devotion. Their leaders remained at their posts until the last. Karl Seitz, the Mayor of Vienna, was arrested at his desk in the Rathaus. Otto Bauer modestly termed himself "political commissar in the Republican Defense Corps," while Dr. Deutsch, War Minister in the Social Democratic Government set up after the March revolution in 1919, led the Republikanische Schutzbund which he himself had organized.

What the immediate future will bring in Austria is not hard to foretell. Dollfuss, having delivered himself into the hands of the Heimwehr fascists, will dissolve the country's political parties and establish the "Fatherland Front." The abolition of Dollfuss's own party—the Christian Social Party—has already been announced. In accordance with an agreement made last summer with Mussolini in the Italian capital, an agreement that Rome no longer attempts to deny, Prince Starhemberg, Heimwehr leader, enters the Cabinet. Italian fascism has stolen a march on its German competitor. Premier Dollfuss announces the immediate reorganization of Austria on fascist lines. A new constitution drawn up by Dr. Ender, minister without portfolio in the Dollfuss Government, will give the "authoritative state" whatever "constitutionality" it may require. The removal of all municipal, provincial, and national officials elected by or with the help of the Social Democratic Party has already been decreed. Until the adoption of a new constitution, says a Cabinet order of February 19, all civil rights remain in force "unless suspended by special decrees." Military courts remain in power while "a state of emergency exists." The Austrian Jew is practically outlawed. In this matter, Prince Starhemberg, who declared the Jews to be the "most dangerous element in the population and the leaders of all treacherous activity against the state," will have his way. The arrest of a large number of Jewish lawyers and physicians is the first sign of a growing terrorism that is driving thousands of panic-stricken Jews across the Austrian border. After labor, they will be the chief victims of the new order.

But Austria's political problems are far from solved. The Nazis will continue to fight against the Dollfuss-Heimwehr regime until a number of National Socialists are taken into the Cabinet. This will happen the more speedily since Socialist voters in considerable numbers will be impelled by their hatred of the present regime to support the Nazi cause.

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Dollfuss, having incurred the enmity of important elements in the Christian Social Party, will not be able to count on its support against a National Socialist opposition. He will have to abdicate or agree to a compromise with the National Socialists that will leave them, sooner rather than later, in complete possession of the field. The shortsightedness of the leaders of the Austrian government, who hope, now that they have suppressed the workers' organizations, to win a victory over the National Socialists, is characteristic. Dollfuss from the very beginning pivoted his strength on the support of foreign governments rather than on support within his own nation. Whenever Austria threatened to succumb to its own economic inadequacy he appealed to the Powers and received a few crumbs which barely sufficed to tide the nation over its most immediate and pressing needs. He traveled to Rome, to Budapest, to Paris, and to Prague for help against the German Nazis and against the Anschluss movement from Berlin, and must now content himself with a "statement" by Great Britain, France, and Italy supporting Austrian independence in such diplomatic terms that it does not even mention Germany. The German press comments on the statement by the three nations with wide-eyed approval. No one in Germany, it insists, has the slightest intention of violating Austrian independence. But directly thereafter Theodor Habicht, Nazi "Inspector-general of Austria," gave Dollfuss eight days to "cooperate" with the National Socialists or expect a fight to the finish. This challenge is momentous.

It is more than doubtful that Dollfuss will be appeased by the declaration of the three Powers, particularly since it was obviously issued to anticipate his appeal to the League of Nations. Such an appeal would have forced the Powers to take a stand and had to be prevented. France, though opposed to the union of Germany and Austria because it fears the consequent strengthening of German power, is equally disinclined to pull chestnuts out of the fire for Italy. Britain is similarly reluctant to take sides. There is one alternative to a union of Austria and the Reich—the movement of the Danube states toward an economic federation. But such a federation presents difficulties because of conflicting interests on the Continent. France desires a federation of states that will give it a commanding influence. Italy seeks to exert its influence in the same region for the development of its industries and its agriculture. In this case Great Britain is the laughing bystander, not at all averse to the spectacle of its two chief competitors at each other's throats.

The real struggle for supremacy in Central Europe, and by that token in all Europe, has only just begun. Democracy has been driven into a highly precarious position of defense. Hungary, under Gömbös, is merely waiting an auspicious moment to open its doors to Italian fascism. Negotiations for the conclusion of a trade agreement between Austria and Hungary—this news significantly enough reaches the world by way of Rome—have reached a stage which shows to what extent Italy has temporarily encircled Austria's political horizon.

This irreconcilable conflict of interests between the great nations of Europe effectively blocks any assault on the progress of fascism that the democratic nations of Europe might conceivably have made. In the struggle between nationalism and democratic ideals democracy is fighting a losing battle in every important country of Europe.

Air-Mail Graft

ON February 9 Postmaster-General Farley, with the knowledge and consent of the President, issued an order canceling all air-mail contracts, and announced that beginning February 19 and until further notice army pilots would fly the mail. The cries of the wounded air companies thereupon filled the ether; the New York *Herald Tribune* with fine sarcasm called the action "Government by Royal Decree" and wrung its hands over the attempt to stifle a flourishing infant industry, while Colonel Lindbergh advised the President by telegraph that he was making a big mistake. Transcontinental and Western Air, the airways company with which the Colonel is connected, attempted to get a temporary injunction restraining the government from cancellation of its contract. This attempt at legal restraint was refused in the United States District Court by Judge John C. Knox for want of jurisdiction.

The reply to the protests which have reached the White House over the high-handedness of the government's action may be made simply enough. The special Senate Committee on Investigation of Air-Mail and Ocean-Mail Contracts, under the chairmanship of Senator Black, has for more than a month been listening to a tale of wild stock promotion, huge profits, $500 investments growing to millions, all at the expense of the government of the United States. Mr. Farley declares that excess payments to air companies by the government have amounted to approximately $46,800,000. The chairman of the board of the United Aircraft and Transportation Company made profits of $12,000,000 from an original investment of less than half a million. The National City Company, in the merger which created the United Aircraft Company, made $5,895,000. Frederick B. Rentschler, vice-chairman of the same board, told the Senate committee that an investment of $275 had brought him $35,000,000. All this would be unfortunate enough, but there were other aspects of the air companies' conduct of their business that were more dangerously reprehensible. Two meetings were held, on May 19 and on June 4, 1930, at which according to Mr. Farley, representatives of the large airways companies, having squeezed out all small bidders, sat together and distributed among themselves the various portions of the government-subsidized air-mail service. The meetings were called by W. Irving Glover, Second Assistant Postmaster-General. Mr. Farley holds that the contracts were awarded without competitive bidding, in direct contravention of the law which declares that contracts so awarded are illegal. Former Postmaster-General Brown, although he admits the meetings were held, denies that collusion took place.

Meanwhile, the army carries the mail. Its fliers can learn in fairly short order to do the job that is required of them. It may be that at some later time the air mails will be turned back to private lines under a slightly different arrangement from that which has lately been ended. The air lines whose contracts have been canceled are prohibited for five years from bidding on any new contracts. One cannot help discerning a certain amount of poetic justice in this. And after all, gentlemen who made profits of millions on modest investments can perhaps afford to let somebody else take the profits for a while.

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A Navy for War

BIG navies are never built for peaceful purposes. They are built for war, usually for a particular war which the admirals foresee or pretend to foresee. The admirals plan their construction with definite "problems" and "objectives" in mind; otherwise, even from their point of view, expenditures on new ships and guns would be a waste of money. What problem of war the Roosevelt navy is to solve is not at all clear. On this point there is the customary silence. It is being argued that the present program, or the larger part of it, may never leave the paper stage, but will be used instead for bargaining at the forthcoming naval conference. However, the speed with which the first projects on the program have been started seems to belie this contention. When the question is put to Navy and State Department officials, they meet it with knowing smiles and with the suggestion that, whatever happens at the conference, the United States will then, if the Vinson bill finally becomes law, already have under way a program providing for the construction of the largest and costliest navy in the world.

What do the admirals want and how much have they so far obtained? They want a minimum of 148 ships to be completed no later than the year 1942. Contracts have already been awarded and work has begun on twenty-one ships, including two aircraft carriers, one heavy cruiser, two light cruisers, fourteen destroyers, and two submarines. Sixteen of these are being financed by the Public Works Administration, the remaining five out of current Navy Department appropriations. The entire program, together with the year in which construction is to begin on each ship, appears below:

Type	*No.*	*Unit tonnage*	*Fiscal year* 1934	1935	1936	1937	1938	1939	1940
Aircraft carriers	2	20,000	2	0	..	..	..	..	..
" "	1	15,200	..	..	1	..	..	..	..
Cruisers:									
8-inch.....	1	10,000	..	1	..	..	..	..	..
6-inch.....	7	10,000	4	2	1	0	..	..	..
Destroyers.....	9	1,850	4	2	2	1	0	0	..
"	76	1,500	16	12	12	12	12	12	..
Submarines....	39	1,130	4	6	6	6	6	6	5
Gunboats(sloops)	13	2,000	2	2	..	..	3	3	3
Total.....	..	.....	32	25	22	19	21	21	8

The Vinson bill, which was approved by the House without a record vote and sent to the Senate, authorizes the President to undertake the construction of an aircraft carrier, 99,200 tons of destroyers, and 35,530 tons of submarines. In addition, the President is "authorized to replace, by vessels of modern design and construction, vessels in the navy in the categories limited by the treaties signed at Washington, February 6, 1922, and at London, April 22, 1930, when their replacement is permitted by the said treaties." Thus this measure, together with the PWA program and the authorization of five cruisers voted in 1929, gives the admirals substantially everything they have asked for.

The cost? This is difficult to reckon, but it will be enormous in any case. The ships being built with PWA money will cost a total of $238,000,000. Those contemplated under the Vinson bill will probably cost $475,000,000. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt first estimated the latter sum at $380,329,250, but in appearing before the House Naval Affairs Committee he pointed out that this figure was based on costs worked out before the Recovery Act went into effect. The NRA, he said, has added at least 25 per cent to these costs, or approximately $95,000,000. For new ship construction alone, then, the huge sum of $713,000,000 is to be spent if the Vinson bill is not stopped; and this total does not include building work already started and being paid for out of current appropriations, and does not take into consideration the probability that armor-plate costs may rise still farther. Nor does it include expenditures for approximately 2,000 new airplanes to be built for the navy.

Other naval expenses will naturally rise in proportion. For example, the enlisted force of the navy is to be increased from 79,700 to 82,500 men, and that of the marine corps from 15,000 to 16,000 men. This will add $2,700,000 to the annual budget. The extra fuel needed will add another $1,000,000. In 1933 actual naval expenditures, including new building, totaled $349,561,924. For the current fiscal year such expenditures have been estimated at $337,178,400, of which $56,063,200 will come from emergency funds. But for the year 1935, when the building program is expected to be in full swing, the budgetary estimate jumps to $454,849,700, of which $144,669,400 is to come from emergency funds. Admiral William H. Standley, Chief of Naval Operations, testified before the House committee that it would cost about $425,000,000 a year "to build, maintain, and operate a modern fleet at treaty limits." The budgetary estimate for 1935 suggests that his guess was conservative rather than liberal. In the decade from 1923 to 1932 the annual cost of the navy averaged only $339,000,000, and in the period immediately before the World War the average annual cost ran only to $145,000,000. In contrast we shall be spending three times that much for new construction and operating expenses during each of the next seven years, the period covered by the present program, or more than three billion dollars in all at the very lowest.

Can the Roosevelt Administration really justify this enormous expenditure? Before acting on the Vinson bill, the Senate should demand a straightforward explanation from the White House and Navy Department. Before all else it should insist upon a sweeping investigation of the munitions industry as provided in a resolution introduced by Senator Nye. The admirals no doubt really believe that they are preparing for an emergency, but it may be possible, since it has happened before, that we shall find the munitions makers at work in the background. The very shipbuilding companies that will profit by the new program were once investigated and severely criticized by Congress. At another time they were exposed in a frank and ruthless manner by Secretary of the Navy Daniels, whose first assistant was Franklin D. Roosevelt. Nor has their connection with the Shearer case been forgotten. Lastly, there are the charges of Senator Trammell that the same companies entered into collusive bidding in order to have the construction contracts under the PWA allotment distributed equally among them. Despite the whitewash report which Admiral Standley handed the President, and which the latter accepted unquestioningly, these charges have never been disproved. Before it lifts a finger to aid the admirals in putting across their costly and menacing program, the Senate should determine for itself and for the public just what forces are behind the program.

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The Austrian Worker's Last Stand

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Issues and Men

Prosperity and Priming

St. Paul, February 16

IS it the government's priming of the industrial machine which has improved conditions or is there a real upturn? This is the question that I have just asked in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, Chicago, Champaign, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, and people have been just as eager to put it to me as I have been to receive an answer. It is the great mystery of the hour. But one thing is not in doubt, and that is that the automobile business is booming everywhere. In several cities, especially in Cincinnati, I learned that the local agents cannot fill their orders, and that some are saying that they cannot supply cars until April. The delay is due in part to the die-workers' strike in Detroit, but orders are still way ahead of last year.

Well, that seems to upset the theory that the improved conditions in some lines are wholly due to government money. Not in every case however. One agent wired in from a Dakota town that he wanted a thousand cars at once, and when asked to explain, said that the farmers had been getting government money from two sources and that he proposed to get it away from them! None the less, it will hardly be maintained that the CWA workers have made enough money to buy cars, nor has the PWA yet gone so far as to be an important cause of the increased motor sales. Undoubtedly there is some natural demand for new cars because so many people have held on to their old ones until they are beginning to fall to pieces; this is particularly true of persons whose cars are indispensable tools of their trade. Again, it is suggested that some people have been hoarding their dollars right along and are now beginning to fish them out, and that others who are in fear of inflation may be buying now in order to have a new car when inflation comes. Whatever the reasons, the fact is that the automobile trade is booming, as was shown by the record-breaking attendance at the St. Paul automobile show, which has just ended to the satisfaction of the dealers.

When one looks elsewhere one finds that operators in the great Gary-Hammond-East Chicago heavy-industry district are feeling greatly cheered up, but here too it is the automobile which is putting more and more blast furnaces into service. The operators admit freely that they are getting no orders except from motor companies. In Milwaukee I heard that two more ferries across the lake had been put into service, and there again it turned out that the chief cause was the increased number of car frames which are being sent that way to save a day's time to the East. One does find, however, the same pick-up in the chemical industry that is noticeable in the East, and textiles are doing well. Local trade is better and so is newspaper advertising, but in this the CWA is a factor, for the CWA workers are buying clothes as fast as possible.

Right here I ran into a phase of the CWA which is not a little worrisome to city officials with whom I have talked. They are frankly appalled by the President's statement that he will not continue the CWA beyond May 1. This is not because they do not wish again to have to give food and clothing to those workers who will come back on their hands. That is not what is frightening them. They are alarmed by the ugly spirit developed by those of the CWA men who for one reason or another have already been laid off. These men are fighting mad. They think that they have been discriminated against and they have tasted blood. That is, after having been out of work for three or more years, they want to go on working, and they say that if the government has the money to give them jobs now, it can continue to do so. The budget figures which they read in the newspapers help to make them feel that the government can go on paying them if it wants to, especially as in some cases they are being paid at a higher hourly rate than ever before in their lives. They are in the state of mind which makes them declare that if the government is not going to take care of them after May 1 they will know the reason why. One mayor spoke to me with real alarm of the prospect and said that for the first time he feared serious trouble.

Meanwhile some idea of the cultural losses already recorded or threatened can be had from the stereotyped reports of teachers out of work or underpaid and overburdened, of social services being curtailed or abandoned, and here in Minneapolis of an impending move to close the Public Library for a period of not less than three months. It is said that this threat is really a bluff to get the library workers to accept a cut in pay. But that such a thing should even be contemplated speaks for itself, and so does the fact that the libraries in many places have practically stopped buying books. At Winnipeg there has just been a discussion in the Manitoba legislature of the fact that seventy-three municipalities have succeeded in balancing their budgets, during which the opposition brought out the truth that this was almost entirely achieved by cutting the teachers' salaries to the bone.

Upon one thing all with whom I have talked are in agreement; that is the continuing and, if anything, growing popularity of the President. Some newspapermen and politicians here in the Twin Cities say that if the President were running for office this coming fall he would poll more than 90 per cent of the vote! This does not mean that the Democratic Party is profiting by Mr. Roosevelt's hold upon the people; in Minnesota, for example, the power of the Farmer-Labor Party is unshaken. And it is of course true that Demos will turn upon the President if he does anything to forfeit its confidence. As is always the case, a single misstep may offset many, many good deeds. But at present everybody feels that the President is trying his level best and working not for himself but for the public weal. After Herbert Hoover that seems a tremendous lot!

Oswald Garrison Villard

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The New York Hotel Strike

By HERBERT SOLOW

AFTER the war the hotel industry expanded enormously on borrowed millions. Today every hotel is heavily burdened financially; many are under bank control. The bankers have said that the financial problem must be solved not by cutting interest, insurance, or depreciation charges—the last of which is sometimes written up to 9 per cent per annum—but by cutting the cost of food, supplies, and labor. The result has been an attack on labor's status throughout the industry.

The United States Department of Labor reports 25 per cent wage cuts ($5 off $20) during recent years, and hours increased from forty-eight to fifty-four weekly. A survey made by the Hotel and Restaurant Workers' Union shows that skilled cooks who averaged $40.88 when hired were getting $30.04 at the end of 1933. The number of employees was also cut and the assignment of each increased. Men were charged for laundry and uniforms; food was generally poor and had to be eaten under disgusting conditions; workers were often fired arbitrarily; seasonal lay-offs became widespread.

Cooks who had spent eighteen years learning the profession were deeply dissatisfied. Waiters who served delicacies to richly gowned diners found "philosophy" difficult when they contemplated their families' fate. Dishwashers and bus boys were abjectly miserable. The NRA? The bosses' code calls for a fifty-four-hour week (in practice sixty) and a minimum wage of twenty-eight cents an hour (reducible in certain cases to twenty cents); in general the code makes the steel barons' code read like a labor charter. As conditions grew worse, the mood of discontent sought an outlet.

Three unions were in the field. The Food Workers' Industrial Union, a tool of the Communist Party, was regarded by conservative workers as "too red," by militant unionists as a disruptive force. For the A. F. of L. nobody had any use, if only because its Local 16 is run by a scabbing, racketeering clique whose chief is under indictment. Workers turned to the semi-somnolent Hotel and Restaurant Workers' Union, a branch of the Amalgamated Food Workers' Union, which thereupon launched an organization drive. Its industrial structure, democratic constitution, low dues, and freedom from racketeers and high-priced bureaucrats were attractions. It grew by leaps and bounds. The bosses, through the Hotel Men's Association, raised a war fund and tried to force workers into the Federation of Hotel and Restaurant Guilds. When this federation advertised for scabs to break the A. F. of L.'s threatened New Year's Eve strike against the bosses' code, it became clear that it was a bosses' company union. When the strike threat turned out to be a bluff, the A. F. of L. lost all caste.

The bosses began firing Amalgamated men. The Waldorf fired *Garde-manger* Fournigault, who had successfully tickled elite palates since the hotel opened two and a half years ago. At 7 p.m. on January 23 all dining-room, kitchen, and room-service staffs walked out in protest. Hundreds of disappointed diners pleaded not to be starved. "We have starrrved for yearrrs; trrry it forrr one meal," shouted a Gascon *commis*. The Sert Room Orchestra played on as when the Lusitania sank. And the Waldorf, regarded by bosses and men as the industry's flagship, went down. Six hundred skilled and unskilled men, minus a handful of waverers, abandoned a cursing Oscar and a tearful management.

Next day the Amalgamated members, without a dissenting voice, voted a general strike. The bosses were given forty-eight hours to rehire Fournigault, recognize the union, institute the forty-hour week and $20 minimum wage, and abolish split watches and all meal, uniform, and laundry charges. Receiving no answer, the union put the strike resolution into effect. In addition to the now approximately 5,000 union members, thousands of others, including unemployed men, took out strike cards. Scab crews could not provide normal cooking or service; each day more big hotels and restaurants were crippled.

Chairman Herrick of the Regional Labor Board stated she would not intervene because the strike was not important enough; later she said that she had not been officially notified of a strike. After the union formally told her what the whole city knew, and stated its readiness to negotiate, she failed to get the bosses to respond. When strikers waited on her, she scolded and treated contemptuously the union officials. Workers who had hoped the NRA would help them began to wonder whether it was not a branch of the Hotel Men's Association.

The commercial press kicked the strike around the lot. It featured bosses' statements—including misleading ads—and played down union statements. It persistently underestimated the effectiveness of the strike, falsely accused the strikers of violence, suppressed news of the bosses' use of thugs. It hinted or charged an anti-NRA attitude, graft, and red plots. It demanded that the government intervene lest the "public," unable to get a decent *filet de sole aux crevettes*, go hungry. The *World-Telegram* attacked the fight for union recognition and declared that the "public" wants "smooth continuance of the status quo." The *Evening Post*, recently freed from reactionary control and seeking to become the city's liberal voice, was the sole commercial paper to give the strikers a look-in.

Public bodies have been charged with strike-breaking. Certainly the State Employment Service, while keeping within the letter of the Wagner-Peyser bill, routed workers to scab jobs. A. F. of L. Local 16 not only provided scabs; it asked—and got—an injunction to restrain the Amalgamated from conspiracy to ruin its racket by calling out workers in shops in which it holds labor contracts! In response, other A. F. of L. locals ruled that any members scabbing would be expelled. Several liberal organizations refused to hold banquets scheduled for scab hotels, and individual liberals publicly backed the strike.

Despite all opposition the strike tide rose steadily for two weeks and the men picketed through the coldest weather in local history. Meanwhile, within the strike committee there developed disagreements between a right wing, backed

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largely by the older, skilled, better-paid workers, and a progressive group, backed largely by the younger, unskilled, most-exploited elements.

The right wing looked to the Labor Board to force the bosses to settle and concentrated on plans to win it over. It may not have felt that Roosevelt's photograph would guarantee victory, but it expressed fears that not to have a photograph would be to confess political radicalism and court disaster. The progressives preferred to omit icons, to put no trust in the Lord or the Labor Board, to draw no lines against radicals, and to demonstrate and build the strike's power by aggressive meetings, parades, and mass picket lines. Thus they hoped to force negotiations and a favorable settlement, perhaps through intervention even of an unwilling Labor Board. Again the old dispute: class collaboration against class struggle.

The progressives, few in number and without formal organization, included political radicals of several shades and conservative workers with militant strike experience. Its clearest voices were J. P. Cannon of the Communist League ("Trotzkyites") and the league organ, *The Militant,* which published a series of special strike numbers. Stimulating the wave of militancy which carried the workers out of the shops, the progressives had an initial advantage. Fawning before the Labor Board was discouraged, a close-knit organization was begun in order to draw all strikers into active work deciding and executing policy, attempts to raise a red scare were attacked, and impressive mass demonstrations were organized.

At first the Communist Party union, best-known in the industry as the "Eighteenth Street gang," tried to recruit strikers and set up a rival strike leadership. Failing, it ordered its men to "bore from within." Once inside the general strike organization, it sought to raise Eighteenth Street's prestige by denouncing the Amalgamated and the strike leaders. The *Daily Worker* supported it with a campaign of slander against the other groups.

These disruptive activities fortified the right wing. From denouncing disrupters, it went on to bait radicals. Soon somebody even asked that young Socialists doing volunteer office work take off their red ties! What the right hardly dared whisper at first, it now began to shout; militancy was denounced, the NRA was characterized as the strikers' main hope, and the Roosevelt photograph materialized. Caught between two fires, the progressive group did not find its situation eased when B. J. Field, union secretary, originally regarded as a progressive, began to borrow many right-wing views. For example, he challenged the right of the Eighteenth Streeters to hold offices on the strike committee. It was a "Trotzkyite" who, after vigorously condemning Eighteenth Street's disruptiveness, insisted that strike democracy be maintained and that no political distinctions be drawn against non-Amalgamated people or radicals of any stamp.

This time the progressives won a smashing victory. But there were many defeats, especially when it came to executing decisions. The right did not throw its force behind committee decisions of progressive origin designed to maintain and stimulate militancy. Agitation in all forms was neglected and impeded by the right. Consequently the strikers' morale sagged toward the end of the second week and a few days later some discouraged strikers began to return to work.

Suspecting the situation, the bosses advertised that they would deal individually with each striker and rehire the "meritorious," that is, all not suspected of devotion to unionism. No change in conditions, wages, or hours was offered. Then, answering an appeal of a group of prominent liberal intellectuals, Mayor La Guardia called the union into conference.

A conference with the Labor Board resulted, and on February 15 the strikers approved a compromise settlement, signed by Secretary Field and the Labor Board, which claimed to have authority also from the Hotel Men's Association. The agreement purported to guarantee rehiring of all strikers, the holding of hearings before the board on conditions of work, hours, and rates of pay, the setting up of committees of workers in the various hotels to oversee the rehiring of the strikers, and the provision that at the board's hearings "the organized workers' side shall be presented by the union," which last amounted to de facto recognition of the union.

But when the workers' committees went to the hotels, some owners refused to see them, while others stated that they knew nothing about the settlement which the Labor Board had signed. At this point the board sent a telegram to Field which pretty clearly indicates the sympathies of Mrs. Herrick and Mr. Golden of the board. The telegram read as follows:

> The fact that you have twisted to further your own ends the interpretation of the offer for settlement by the hotel men and as accepted by your executive committee is further evidence that the strike was unwarranted and that you do not represent more than a minority of the workers. . . . Unless pickets are removed immediately, according to our agreement of yesterday, the Regional Labor Board shall feel compelled to release the Hotel Association from its offer. . . . Due to the fact that you have seen fit to construe the suggestion for committees to interview the hotel management as union recognition, the Regional Labor Board now recommends that this proposal be dispensed with. Upon your removal of the pickets, it now recommends that the workers apply [for work] direct.

This, briefly translated, means, "Heads we win, tails you lose." The hotel men are to be released from keeping their agreement because the strikers presumed to believe that the agreement meant what it said. About the excuses given by the Labor Board there is this to be said: The hotel owners did not themselves offer the continuance of picketing as the reason for not dealing with the committees. Moreover, the union had published no claims to having won recognition. This latest action of the Labor Board has served to convince the overwhelming mass of strikers that they can expect nothing from the NRA's "labor" representatives.

The result of the Labor Board's action was that the Eighteenth Street crowd yelled sell-out again. The right wing of the union sent a howl of protest to President Roosevelt. Gathering newly disillusioned elements to itself, the progressive group launched a campaign to revive and reorganize the strike. As a result, the men are still picketing, and scabs are still spilling *potage* in the best hotels. The eventual fate of the struggle hangs on the capacity of the progressive group to get the strike committee to adopt its militant class-struggle policy.

Whatever the outcome, this strike is important as a laboratory experiment. For the first time an independent

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trade-union leadership has gone to bat against a class-collaborationist leadership in the presence of Communist Party disrupters. Here the progressive group faced a problem vastly more complex than its predecessors faced in the days when the Communist Party itself was the core of such groups. Here the progressives had to fight Communist Party obstructionist tactics without opening the door to reaction, and to fight class collaborationists while differentiating themselves from the disrupters. Experience gained in the fight between two fires is important because the hotel strike indicates the lines along which many American trade-union struggles must be fought in the next few years.

Fascism on the West Coast

By ELLA WINTER

FEW persons realize the astonishing rapidity with which the United States is following in the footsteps of Hitler's Germany, or the extent to which tyranny, violence, and summary injustice have replaced the constitutional rights of American citizens. As an example, we may cite the testimony of delegates to the first anti-lynching conference of the West, which was held at San José, California, and was attended by writers, liberals, intellectuals, students, and workers. The delegates represented 78,892 members of nine trade unions and ten other organizations from the States of Oregon, Washington, California, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico. They came to report a summer's activities. For the first time many people in that hall had a glimpse of American history in 1933.

The organizer of the United Farmers' League from Yakima, Washington, is speaking, a curly-haired, blond young Dutchman:

"We had a berry strike there, and I and a number of comrades were jailed. They came to me in the middle of the night and told me to 'Get yer clothes on.' I said: 'I'm in the jail, I don't have to get out.' They had nothing on me. 'Get your belongings and get the hell out of here,' they said. I guessed they were going to lynch me. They took me outside where were two cars full of hoodlums with masks on and clubs in their hands. They put me in a car, tied my hands and feet, and drove out of the city. When they'd got some way out they tied a rope round my neck and said 'Don't talk.' I figgered it wasn't any use saying anything. They beat me up. Then they beat up some of my comrades, tarred and feathered them, and left them there. They saw I was still conscious. I heard them talking about me. I figgered they was going to throw me in the river. By that time other cars had driven up, there were about seventy vigilantes and a few farmers; I saw also deputies, State police, national guardsmen, and American legionnaires in the bunch. I was pointed out as the ringleader. I was beaten up again. Then my coat was taken off, my shirt, my underwear. They said: 'If he's not an I. W. W. he must be a Bolshevik or something.' 'Yes, I'm a Bolshevik and proud of it,' I said. They cut my hair in a swastika, painted USSR in red on my back and my head. Then they took me somewhere else in a car and I was beaten up again till I was nearer to death than to life. Deputies, State police, were all there. They asked me to talk then. Later on I was taken back to the highway and left to die. I found my way to Seattle. We formed a committee to go and tell the press but they would have nothing to do with it. Later they had to put something in but what they put in was all lies."

Photographs of young Casey Boskaljom are in my possession, showing the swastika on his scalp and the welts on his arms, back, and chest. They could just as well be the photographs of a man beaten up by a Nazi storm trooper in Hitler's Germany.

Next is a speaker from Salt Lake City; he tells about the mine strike in Carbon County, New Mexico. "In the mining camps everything costs thirty to fifty cents more than in the shops outside. There was a strike led by the National Miners' Union against starvation wages. When the N. M. U. came to Carbon County they had to take the criminal-syndicalism law off the shelf and scrape off the dust with a shovel. It was so ancient. They arrested our leaders and beat them up. One man was taken ninety miles out into the desert and left to die. When he was brought into the nearest town he had to have a bodyguard around him all the time. The cops had tear gas, machine-guns, billy clubs, and butts of rifles, and they used them on women as well as men. Martial law was declared. We couldn't hold a dance to collect relief for our starving comrades. Our leaders were thrown into jail. They beat us up daily. They put the national organizer of the Unemployed Councils in jail." In spite of the ferocity shown toward them, the strikers were partially successful.

A mere boy, a second-year high-school student from San Francisco, takes the rostrum. He was in Jefferson Park listening in at a meeting. "The cops told us to move on, and nobody did. I wasn't speaking, I was just standing listening. They arrested thirteen of us and took us to jail, looked up their law books, and charged us with refusal to move on. That night all the grown-ups were released. They kept me in jail. Next day the judge asked me if I didn't think I ought to obey the police officials. I said: 'It depends on what they ask me to do.' He said: 'If a police official asks you to move on another time, will you do it?' 'It depends on how he asks me. If he asks the way he did last time, I won't.' "

The boy was kept in a detention home four days. "That shows how the capitalist system works," says the boy. "They have a law on which they can't even hold a grown-up one night, and they keep a kid of fourteen four days. If that isn't a corrupt system, I'd like to know what is."

There was a cigar strike in San Francisco. Cigar-makers were organized in the A. F. of L. The officials of the A. F. of L. refused help to the strikers, and the men called on the Trade Union Unity League for leadership. Eighty-eight men were arrested. In that strike the cigar-makers, to show they were peaceably picketing, took their women and children with them to the factory. Nevertheless,

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the patrol wagon was soon in evidence, as were police with billies and firearms. Police and strikers testified at the trial that the strikers were at all times unarmed. A striker was arrested—no reason given at the trial. An organizer protested, "There's no legality in this arrest." They arrested him. Another organizer came up to protest this; he was arrested. "But first they hit me over the head so that eight stitches had to be taken." "I came up," said yet another, "and they hit me in the stomach with a billy." All the eighty-eight men were charged with rioting. The total bail against them was almost $100,000. All cases were dismissed.

At the hearing George Andersen, attorney for the defense, read a letter he had received from the State NRA Compliance Board of California. "If the cigar-makers," it said, "will accept the proposal for arbitration and intervention of the Compliance Board, go back to work under the proposed code at thirty cents an hour, and submit other disputes to arbitration . . . the Petri Company *will dismiss cases against the strikers arrested for picketing.*" (Emphasis mine.) This letter needs no comment.

"In Pixley," reports the representative of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, the union which has organized agricultural laborers for the first time in California and has won partial victories in strikes in the field of every kind of fruit and vegetable raised in the State, "we were standing before our strike headquarters when farmers shot into our bunch and killed two men. At Arvin they killed another and blew off the arm of a nineteen-year-old boy." Some of these ranchers are now on trial, but the death penalty has not been asked for them. At a hearing of the fact-finding committee appointed by Governor Rolph during the cotton strike—which involved 15,000 Mexican, white, and Negro cotton pickers who had never been organized in a union before—the lawyers for the growers asked in shocked astonishment of the strikers' committee, which had demanded prosecution to the full: "Do you realize that what you are asking for would mean *death?*" "Weren't our workers shot and killed?" fired back Caroline Decker, the twenty-one-year-old strike leader. The eight ranchers accused of murder have all been acquitted.

Filipino workers picking brussels sprouts and spinach at Pescadero, a hamlet in the Santa Clara Valley, are getting twenty cents an hour on the contractor system, by which they have to pay a large part of their earnings to a middleman for board and lodging and the privilege of being allowed to pick brussels sprouts ten hours a day in the broiling sun. Under this system they are usually kept in debt from one season to another. Now they have organized almost 100 per cent and there are no scabs. The police of San Mateo County came and said: "You will leave here immediately." "They tried to drive us from Pescadero," says the firm, triumphant little Filipino, addressing, in his turn, the Anti-Lynching Conference. "But I said, 'You don't know your law, we have to have thirty days' notice. This is January 16. We will be out of here February 16. Not before.' " Roars of applause from the gathering. "We'll all fight together for a better living," cries the Filipino, and leaves the rostrum. In a month the crop will be over. At this moment, however, Japanese strike-breakers are being imported.

A representative from Stockton tells of young workers getting 160 days in jail for vagrancy, of organizers "floated out of town" as were the Mexicans in the Oxnard beet-toppers' strike in August. They are threatened with instant arrest if they come back, even though their wives and families live in town. Another says: "They threaten to yank speakers off boxes, the legioneers do, they pull jackknives out of their pockets, cut off the pockets of strikers, and arrest them and hold them on $500 bail."

The last report is from Imperial Valley, the latest strike center. Seven thousand Mexican, white, and Filipino lettuce pickers, receiving from ten to twenty cents an hour and living in tents and burlap shacks, went on strike for a wage of twenty to thirty cents an hour. Four hundred were arrested; two hundred are in jail. Strike leaders were beaten up and arrested on vagrancy charges; the International Labor Defense attorney was arrested on a vagrancy charge; Mexican workers were threatened with instant deportation, clubs, tear gas, guns; the American Legion broke up the Workers' Center and smashed typewriters; the Los Angeles *Times* reported that those whom the sheriffs had not arrested and beaten up, members of the Chamber of Commerce had "turned into star-gazers." One baby has died from the effects of tear gas thrown by police among women and children.

The Farmers' and Fruit Growers' Association of California passed a resolution on farm labor at its sixty-sixth annual meeting at Modesto, December 13 and 14, 1933. This association consists of some hundreds of farmers' organizations. The resolution began:

> WHEREAS, During the year California has experienced serious agricultural labor disturbances which cost the lives of several people and in addition resulted in serious financial losses to growers, workers, and business men, and
>
> WHEREAS, Much of the trouble was not due to dissatisfaction with the wage scale, but rather was through a carefully planned destructive activity . . .

This might be amusing if it were not calculated to lead to further hatred and violence. The only people who shot and killed in California strikes this summer were ranchers. Not only were there no serious losses in agriculture last year, but the California State Department of Agriculture reported on January 1 that for every California crop the money income increased 25 per cent, while for cotton the increase was 120 per cent, or $7,000,000. The wages of the 15,000 pickers after their four-week strike were increased an average of $2 a week—from $5 to $7; the total addition to the wage bill was $500,000. Children from five years up picked cotton till the last boll was harvested. (This was after President Roosevelt's first speech stating that child labor had been abolished in the United States.)

The Farm Bureau Federation has appealed through Representative Stubbs of California to the Department of Justice to deport all spirited foreign-born workers who might become organizers and leaders in an effort to prevent the agricultural workers of California from becoming peons. "We believe in California that the great majority of laborers are satisfied with the progress that is being made toward recovery," says the letter from Representative Stubbs.

The conference in San José showed that tyranny and violence in strikes are not isolated cases of oppression here or a miscarriage of justice there. It showed through the mouths of spokesmen for 728,000 people that there is no quarter for the worker in America—even if he and his children are starving—if he demands higher wages *and means it.*

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The Bewildered Liberal

By ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

IN the face of the forced resignation, because of their racial inheritance or liberal sympathies, of hundreds of distinguished members of the faculties of the German universities; in the face of the official burning of hundreds of books by brilliant authors, and the expulsion from Germany of the leading lights of both the stage and the world of music, the reaction of the American liberal has been first to rub his eyes in amazement, and second to announce in no uncertain manner his horror, his distress, and his disapproval.

But in the very process of formulating his protest, the liberal has been obliged to pause. His swift and generous gesture of disapprobation is stopped half way. Voices, confused, vague, yet all more or less charged with the same intent, begin to reach him. "It is not so simple as it seems." "The evidence must be carefully sifted." "It has all been grossly exaggerated." "The situation can be understood only by those on the spot." (This has a particularly familiar ring!) And finally, "This is a highly dangerous situation which calls for diplomacy rather than vituperation." To speak above a whisper is to awaken the loudest of reverberations.

These voices come to him from a variety of sources—from the over-cautious ones, both Jew and Gentile, who have much to lose financially in a quarrel with Germany, from the Jew who desires to live as inconspicuously as possible in an always potentially inimical world, from the faint-hearted in all ranks of society, and from those who yield gleefully to the delights of prejudice. They are contradictory, these voices, and it is difficult to sum them up or characterize them with any certainty. Nevertheless, it is agreed by the Jews of the upper social strata that the protest of a single Gentile is worth more than the protests of hundreds of Jews. The type of Jew, alas, who is most inclined to be articulate is the type that the more cultured Jew would like to see kept in the background. It is possible to sympathize both with the well-bred Jew who shrinks from the accusation of vulgarity and general unpleasantness, and with the inflamed radical who resents the caution of the comfortably established.

Some of the voices have not been without the note of threat. Let us be fair to our liberals; I think the threats meant less than nothing when aimed at themselves. But when it came to threats against the victims of intolerance there was much to give them pause. Slowly, reluctantly, yet inevitably it has begun to sink into the consciousness of those who would take up arms for the persecuted that many of the victims want none of it. For instance, there is the German refugee who cherishes his fatherland with so sentimental an attachment that it renders him far more a German than a Jew, far more a supporter of even Hitler's Reich than of an intangible land of free speech and liberal opinion. This type of patriot, moreover, usually bears his own suffering with such fortitude and dignity, with such an unbelievable lack of bitterness, that to his plea not to bring further hurt upon his beloved country it is difficult to turn a deaf ear. Then there is the voice—one which specially interests me—which whispers that all criticism only stiffens the purpose of the criticized. As a prominent woman educator said to me—one whose liberal sympathies cannot be questioned: "The psychology of this argument appeals to me. For I know how the backs of the Southerners in our own country are stiffened by the protests of the North. I realize how the passions that were unloosed during the Sacco-Vanzetti trial were inflamed rather than calmed by the protests of indignant Europe."

This argument is gaining ground. It has become so familiar that it may be well to examine it a little more closely. We may safely refuse to accept the conclusion that Sacco and Vanzetti were victims of interfering persons from beyond the seas. It is nearer the truth to conclude that but for the protests which poured in upon America from all parts of the world, those two martyrs to fear and intolerance would have been put to death years before they actually were. Let us not be too ready to believe that the Scottsboro boys would have been set free if it had not been for the ill-advised interference of a tricky lawyer from the North. I think it is possible to come nearer the truth by reflecting upon the treatment that has been meted out to Judge Horton, who conducted the second trial with such superb fairness, and the acclaim which has greeted the judge who presided over the last trial.

In short, I am convinced that much of the indignation against this "outside criticism" is nothing but consciousness of guilt. The wrongdoer always resents interference, whether he is merely a naughty child, a wife-beater, or a grafting politician. It was not so long ago that Tammany braves were shedding crocodile tears over those critics who defamed the fair name of the metropolis. All the magnificent indignation of the organization was aimed, not at those who were responsible for making New York a disgrace among cities, but at the courageous judge who was unveiling the conditions they had hoped to keep hidden. Finally, let us not forget that it is the company that deals least fairly with its employees which bewails most loudly the necessity of turning its beloved workers over to the tender mercies of "outside" unions.

Therefore, although I confess sympathy for our bewildered liberal, and although I cannot hope to have enumerated all the inhibitory voices (the appositeness of my title lying in the fact that it is difficult to unravel all the confused and tangled skeins and knit them together again into a distinct pattern), nevertheless, I think he may be assured that much good will follow upon protestation. Even were some harm to come of it, even were the arguments against protest sincere, some thought surely should be given to the stultifying effect of suppressing the most generous impulses that can arise in the human breast. Whether the victims of persecution are helped or not by public protest to the extent that we might desire, it is of vital concern to the whole world that its horror at tyranny, its distress at injustice, its abhorrence of coercion should be given voice. Far from feeling that they should withhold criticism, outsiders should reflect that their silence implies a lack of support, of encourage-

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ment, for the liberal who has spoken out in his own environment. For let us make no mistake—there are liberals in the South, and there are law-abiding citizens in California, as there are rebels in Germany. Do these not deserve some thought? Twice before I have written in the pages of the *Nation* a plea for visitors to the South to support the growing number of liberals. There has grown up in Southern society a convenient slogan that it is bad form to mention the Negro question. This frequently inhibits where threats would fail.

Finally, added to the disinclination to reprove a part of our country or of the world which is not our own, there is another inhibition which is distinctly to the advantage of the Bourbon. Only recently the head of a large university who has been accustomed to speak publicly upon each and every problem of the day privately defended his surprising silence concerning the outrages in Germany by declaring that we in the United States are in no position to criticize other nations. "We lay ourselves open," said he, "to the retort, 'Look at yourself! Look at your own injustice to the Indian! Look at your own treatment of the Negro!'" Can there be any doubt that any true internationalist, any true liberal, would answer: "Very well. By all means let us look at ourselves! Let us welcome any just accusation of intolerance and hypocrisy!"

I am saddened that my country lies so peculiarly vulnerable to the winds of criticism, but I welcome them from whatever quarter they may blow. It is highly regrettable that we have not in the United States liberals in sufficient number to do away with all prejudice and injustice, but since obviously we have not, let us be thankful that our ranks may be swelled from across the seas, from the farthest-flung outposts, if need be, of civilization. He who looks eye to eye with me on these crucial matters, he is my brother. Whether his nose be Grecian or aquiline is of no importance, nor whether his skin be black or white or yellow. All that matters is that in his keeping lie the progress, the honor, and the hope of humanity.

Thus, is it too much to hope that our liberal, after giving due heed to the many and divergent inhibitory voices, if he is quite certain that his stand will not be ascribed to mere self-pity, will speak out with what indignation he can find in his heart and with what eloquence is his to command? The present moment is no time for the balancing of counsels until the opposition has perfected its weapons. It is better to blunder on the side of the angels than to shine on the side of the Evil One. It is better to stumble on the golden stairs than to walk firmly on a path that leads to impotence and nothingness.

A Negro Looks at Soviet Russia

By HENRY LEE MOON

PERHAPS it is because the American Negro is so completely alienated from the main stream of life in his native land that he is so readily adaptable to the life of foreign countries. Perhaps it is because he cannot, until he has left these shores, free himself of the restraints and inhibitions which frustrate his fuller enjoyment of life here. Whatever the reason may be, certainly no other native American exceeds the Negro in adaptability to the European environment. Paris has its full share of Negro expatriates, thoroughly Gallicized, harboring bitter memories, vowing never to return to America. And I cannot forget the convincing ardor with which a young Louisiana musician in Berlin expressed his devotion to the German capital. Both France and Germany have been hospitable to the Negro, but it is the Soviet Union which extends to him the most explicitly cordial welcome.

Although he is a far less familiar figure in Moscow than in Paris or Berlin, the Negro is not new to Russia. Long before the revolution he enjoyed wide popularity among the people. The great bronze statue of the curly-haired Alexander Pushkin in a Moscow square is a constant reminder of the African descent of one of the country's foremost men of letters. Ira Aldridge, American Negro tragedian, was clamorously received when during the middle of the nineteenth century he played Othello and other Shakespearean roles in St. Petersburg. Today the oldest American resident of Moscow is a Negro woman, a former singer, once highly favored by the aristocracy of the old regime.

It has remained for the Communists to dramatize the Negro as the symbol of capitalistic oppression. His plight in the United States has been extensively pictured throughout the Soviet Union, and his cause has been made dear to the hearts of millions of Soviet citizens who have never seen a Negro. Through active party propaganda Communists are kept well informed on the gloomier aspects of Negro life in America. Their questions on certain phases of race relations in this country frequently prove embarrassing to the American tourist. Interest in the final outcome of the Scottsboro case is far keener in the Soviet Union than in America. Despite the wide publicity given the case, no group in this country has ever been able to assemble 40,000 people in a single meeting to protest against the legal lynching of these nine Alabama youths. Yet I saw such a crowd in an unforgettable demonstration one evening in the vast open-air amphitheater in Moscow's Park of Rest and Culture. Row after row of eager faces of men, women, and children listening attentively as Negro and white, Russian and American, told the story of the nine Scottsboro boys. There was a Union Square ring in the speeches of the Americans. There were the usual cherished denunciations of the capitalist courts and the bourgeois press, and a tirade, sounding rather irrelevant at that distance from the scene, against the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. A dramatic picturization in fireworks of the fall of Kilby Prison before the onslaught of an aroused working class concluded the demonstration.

Communist propaganda has thoroughly popularized the cause of the Negro as a fellow-worker caught in the net of American capitalism. The picture of the plight of this race which these teachings have created is often warped and sometimes false. There seems to be no racial bias involved for the misery of the working class of all races everywhere under capitalism is similarly dramatized for the

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Russian proletariat. As a result, the average Russian is apt to believe that Negroes are lynched weekly in Times Square and three times a week in Chicago's Loop, that the entire race is politically disfranchised throughout the country, that no universities in America admit Negroes, and that all social intercourse between the races is strictly forbidden, a taboo which only class-conscious workers dare defy. It is difficult to explain that there are degrees of race prejudice against Negroes in this country—all the more difficult in view of the fact that the basic concept of the Negro as a pariah in his native land is true.

Quite aside from interest in the Negro created by propaganda, and in addition to the natural curiosity about a race conceived of as exotic, there is certainly something deep in the Russian character which immediately responds to a similar element in the Negro. There is between these peoples a fundamental kinship which surmounts separation in residence and differences in culture. In its more apparent forms it expresses itself in the similarity between the plaintive folk-music of the Russians and that of the Negroes. A soft minor mood, expressive of an ever-living hope, characterizes both. Again, both the Russian and the Negro are endowed with a certain flair for the dramatic, a gift of mimicry—qualities which quite as much as its revolutionary orientation make the Russian theater the most distinctive creation in contemporary drama. There is, however, less spontaneous laughter among the Russians than among Negroes. Perhaps the strain of the revolution and the high tension under which they now live have drained them of mirth. Perhaps, too, there may come a day when Negroes will laugh less often and less heartily.

I have never felt more at home among a people than among the Russians, and I think that this is the common experience of Negroes who have visited the Soviet Union. One reason for this feeling is doubtless to be found in the ready attachment which the Russian shows for the Negro. Incidentally, the Russians view the Negro as a being quite different from the white American, a view which arises inevitably out of their own experience. To them the Negroes of the American South are a national minority, comparable to the minorities of the Soviet Union. In line with this view the Russians generally expect the dark-skinned American to speak a language of African origin and to have customs distinct from those of the rest of the American people. They express surprise upon learning that the folk-songs of the race originated in the English language. And I have the impression that many among them, fed upon stories of race conflict in this country, not only fail to understand, but in some measure resent any expression of friendship between Negroes and American whites, especially if the latter are not identified with the revolutionary movement in this country.

While all Europe, save such centers as have succumbed to the rampant nationalism of the post-war period, welcomes the Negro as an entertainer, a student, or a traveler, Russians see him as a fellow-worker and freely offer employment opportunities. To be sure, the Soviet Union is today the only country in which such opportunities are generally available to any workers; but even in the pre-depression days there were practically no openings for Negroes in the countries of Western Europe.

The number of Negroes now employed in Russia is still quite small, but efforts have been made to increase this number. There are a few skilled mechanics at work in the automobile factories of Moscow and in the tractor factory at Stalingrad; a teacher in the Anglo-American school in Moscow and at least three women in clerical positions in Moscow offices; a young engineer on irrigation projects in central Asia. Last year a trained group of cotton experts, most of them products of Southern agricultural schools, was in Russia instructing the Uzbeks of Central Asia in modern methods of cotton culture. This field of agriculture is of increased importance to the Soviets because the second Five-Year Plan provides for greater development of the textile industry.

Unquestionably, large sections of the Negro working class in America are measurably better off in material things than the bulk of Soviet workers. They are better housed, better clothed, and better fed, and they have more of the materials for comfortable living than the Russian workers. Yet there are things for which one would willingly exchange comparative comfort. Chief among these for the Negro worker is freedom from persecution. Add to this: security of employment, equal opportunities for his children's education and for their employment upon completion of their training, recreational opportunities unaffected by race, insurance against hazards of sickness and old age, and the zest that comes of taking part in the construction of a new society purged of the bitterness of race prejudice.

Writing in the *Survey Graphic* for November, 1932, Walter Duranty expressed the opinion that "it is merely a question of time for this country [the U. S. S. R.] to see a flow of immigration, not only from the United States but from Europe, which will catch and surpass the peak figures of foreign influx to America." Would the participation of Negroes in large numbers in such a movement change the present attitude of Russia toward this race?

There is a considerable school of Negro thought which holds that the Negro's problems are peculiar to himself and that he carries them with him wherever he may go in large numbers. The few may be accepted cordially, but not the masses. Those who take this position base their contention on the widely accepted axiom that "white folks are white folks" whether they live in Scottsboro or Moscow, whether they profess to follow the teachings of Jefferson and Wilson or those of Marx and Lenin. Pleading for a continued adherence to American principles, Kelly Miller, dean of Howard University, in an article syndicated through the Negro press, expressed this point of view: "Ten million Negroes or Chinese in Russia," he said, "would in all probability arouse the same race antagonism we now see exhibited in Georgia. What guaranty is there that communism would control the rancor of race in the midst of rival and competitive racial numbers?"

What Soviet Russia's answer would be I can conclude only by analogy. There are already ten million yellow- and brown-skinned Orientals in the Union. As yet their presence has created no major internal problem. Certainly there is no evidence of racial conflict or of the subjugation of one racial group by another. Indeed, the development of national cultures along proletarian lines is an established policy of the country. Even the Jews, who under the czarist regime were more mercilessly and tragically persecuted than are the Negroes of the deep South, enjoy a new freedom. They are no longer limited in their choice of vocations, forbidden access

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to any institutions, or denied the privilege of residence in any section of the country. It is not here contended that all traces of anti-Semitism have been eliminated; it is patent, however, that its grosser manifestations have been entirely suppressed. It is possible, even likely, that its expression in more subtle forms may linger for a generation or longer. Certainly it is being aggressively fought by the Communist Party. Moreover, the Marxists would probably point out that in the Soviet Union no races are competitive or rival. All are engaged in the gigantic task of building socialism, which in itself would mean the destruction of the roots of race prejudice. Marxism maintains that these roots are essentially economic. Race prejudice cannot flourish when its roots are destroyed.

Manchukuo and the Opium Trade

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

THE international drug ring is still up to its old tricks at Geneva. However, it has reckoned without Stuart Fuller of the State Department. Mr. Fuller represents the United States at the meetings of the Opium Committee of the League of Nations, by virtue of our having ratified the Hague Convention of 1912. The New Deal has given us a pleasant change of representatives—a fighter. Under the previous Administration many of the American delegates could not kotow low enough to European influences—they made doormats of themselves. The Opium Committee behaved in the usual way, altering the minutes, changing and tampering with the records, and generally pulling the wool over our eyes. But now a change has come. The drug ring is still up to its tricks, but Mr. Fuller takes pleasure in exposing them and protesting against them.

The latest opium story is worth telling. The Japanese are going in heavily for opium cultivation in Manchukuo. Production is being stepped up, and the opium revenues are pledged as security against a loan—which means that nothing will be allowed to diminish the value of the security. Already the opium revenue has nearly doubled—from 5,000,000 yen in 1933 to an estimate of nearly 10,000,000 yen for 1934. All this opium is raised in Manchuria and Jehol. As a result the other Powers wanted to get in on this fine fat market. The Japanese were quite able to supply the demand, but the drug ring wanted to get in, too—to overload the country and make Manchukuo a great and convenient base for the illicit trade. To effect this it must bring in imports from outside.

Rich Persian opium was selected as the ideal kind to import—perfect for smokers, and still more perfect to manufacture into morphine and heroin for smuggling into America and elsewhere. Persia was chosen also as the producing country least hampered by entangling alliances in the way of opium treaties. European dealers backing the scheme saw large profits for themselves, not only profits from sales but perquisites and incidentals, such as transport by European ships, insurance by European firms, all sorts of things. There were also rumors that a certain European drug firm thought it possible to send in a few tons of drugs; the new state of Manchukuo seemed ripe for thorough exploitation.

After the outbreak of the China-Japan difficulties the League of Nations had set up a committee called the Sino-Japanese Advisory Committee to follow affairs in the Far East. Japan's policy was thoroughly reprehensible, and the new state of Manchukuo must on no account be recognized. Then, out of the clear blue came the possibility of sending opium into Manchukuo. The committee was in a quandary. Japan had an extensive opium market in this new territory; it seemed too bad for other countries not to get a share of it.

The Sino-Japanese Committee called upon the secretariat of the League's Opium Committee for advice. They did not lay their predicament before the Opium Committee as a whole, but before the secretariat, or paid secretarial staff—which seems odd, considering that the entire Opium Committee was in session at the time, practically in the adjoining room. The Opium Committee adjourned its session on May 31, 1933, unaware till several months later that its secretariat had offered some helpful suggestions to the Sino-Japanese Committee on May 24. One wonders why this secrecy. One wonders what big financial interests were hanging round Geneva at this time, suggesting that the Manchukuo opium market was a gold mine.

Whatever the pressure, the Sino-Japanese Committee hurdled the obstacles which prevented sending opium into Manchukuo. It issued a statement some weeks later saying that under the Geneva Convention of 1925 opium could be exported to Manchukuo if accompanied by an export certificate. At the same time it advised against sending a duplicate certificate to the Manchukuo government itself as this might be construed as recognition.

Certificates are export or import licenses which accompany shipments of drugs or opium. One accompanies the shipping itself, and the duplicate goes to the importing government, as a check upon traders. The Sino-Japanese Committee, acting on the advice of the secretariat of the Opium Committee, got everything nicely arranged for a lively opium trade with Manchukuo.

At this point Mr. Fuller comes into the picture. Like all disinterested members of the Opium Committee, he was extremely surprised—surprised that the Opium Committee as a whole had not been consulted, had been given no slightest inkling of what was going on in the next room, where the Sino-Japanese Committee had devised its plan to boom the opium trade; surprised that the secretariat alone had been consulted; and extremely surprised at the naive solution that had been offered. In November, 1933, there was another meeting of the Opium Committee, with Mr. Fuller back again in Geneva. He then issued a long, forceful statement which the committee actually agreed to publish in the minutes in its original condition, not edited or tampered with in any way. All who closely follow events in Geneva are well aware that the secretariat is constantly "editing"—with remarkable results.

Mr. Fuller strongly objected to sending Persian opium into Manchukuo. He said it would be in violation of the Hague Convention, the underlying, basic opium treaty which

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the United States has ratified. In this older treaty, he pointed out, there are certain articles which definitely prohibit shipping opium into countries which prohibit its import. Manchukuo is not yet recognized as a sovereign state, is still considered part of China, and China prohibits the importation of opium. Mr. Fuller concluded with a request that the Opium Committee recommend to the Council of the League of Nations that the proposals of the Sino-Japanese Committee be considered null and void.

Now in the past many American delegates have been weak or terrified. Or, as one of them said, he "didn't like to make himself unpopular." Unpopular, of course, with the big drug ring and its spokesmen. But Mr. Fuller did not care about his personal popularity. In spite of his energetic protests, however, the Opium Committee sent only a very mild recommendation in its report to the Council:

> For the moment at any rate, it would be desirable that the attention of the chief producing and manufacturing countries should be drawn to the necessity of supervising most strictly any application for the introduction of narcotics into the territory [Manchukuo].
>
> It has to be added that the question was raised whether the recommendation in regard to the export to this territory of opium and other dangerous drugs which was made by the Advisory Committee [Sino-Japanese] appointed by the Assembly to follow the situation in the Far East involved any evasion of the provisions of the Hague Convention. The Opium Advisory Committee is confident that this was not the intention of the recommendation.

But somehow—in spite of this weak report to the Council—a great light seems to have dawned. The New York *Times* of January 21 contains this significant paragraph:

> The Council's report further states: "It is understood that in accordance with Articles III, VIII, and XV of the Hague Convention, the export of opium, raw and prepared, to the territory in question cannot be authorized." The Council instructed the Secretary-General so to advise all governments.

This is what happens when the New Deal sends a man like Mr. Fuller to Geneva.

In the Driftway

HERE and there, in a world which seems to be hurrying toward damnation, a light burns which has all the warmth of hope. Perhaps everything is not yet lost. Such a hopeful gleam is the United States Indian Bureau as now administered by John Collier. One of the Drifter's colleagues was taken to task not long ago for attributing to Commissioner Collier credit for the abolition of the hated Indian boarding-schools. Dr. W. Carson Ryan, appointed director of Indian education in 1931, should, it was declared, share the credit, and the Drifter hereby makes the necessary amends vicariously for his associate. But to Mr. Collier alone belongs all honor for his recent order insisting on "the fullest constitutional liberty in all matters affecting religion, conscience, and culture" for all Indians. The Indian ceremonial dances are of native religious significance, they have the deepest and most sacred associations for the various tribes, they are solemn, orderly, and beautiful. Yet for many years it has been the policy of that branch of the government which administers Indian affairs to attempt in every way to destroy these ancient ceremonies, along with every other aspect of Indian culture, including the Indian languages, with the aim of "civilizing" the Indian tribes.

* * * * *

CHIEF STANDING BEAR, of the tribe of the western Sioux called the Lakotas, tells in his admirable autobiography, "Land of the Spotted Eagle," just how this system of cultural repression worked. Like all other Indian boys, he was sent to a school conducted by whites. "When I came back to the reservation," he says, ". . . there came the battle of my life—the battle with agents to retain my individuality and my life as a Lakota."

> All the while the agent or white rule became harder and stricter. . . . On the commissary door and in the trader's store there one day appeared a printed notice, by order of the agent, that no returned student would thereafter be permitted to attend any tribal dance. . . . In a short while there came another order which allowed the old people to hold but one dance a week and no more. Soon another rule followed, stating that whenever a horse or present was given away, it must be done silently. [The Lakotas made a ceremony of presenting gifts.] Though there was nothing to disturb but the endless ether, there must be no glad announcing and no shouts of joy. The singing of praise songs by old men and the calling of gift-givers on some poor person were not to the liking of the white rulers. Cursing and yelling at football and baseball games were all to their liking and most certainly in order. But ceremonial gift-making was not to the order of their doing.

If there is bitterness in the last sentences of this, we, who have a different feeling about the preservation of an ancient and beautiful rite, may understand it easily enough. And we may reflect on the ironical fact that the northern American colonies were founded to establish freedom of worship—and that suppression of the Indian religion was only one aspect of all the religious suppressions that flowed outward from those Puritan days when religious freedom meant simply freedom to be a member of a particular church.

* * * * *

STUDENTS of Indian life know most fully but any American citizen may mournfully suspect what treasures of art and folk religion are forever lost to us through the suppression of Indian culture. For although we may be grateful for Commissioner Collier's order, in large measure it comes too late. The Indians themselves have forgotten much that the white man forbade them to remember. The old men and women who could perform the time-honored ceremonies are dead; their children, educated in the white man's culture, which is so alien to them, only dimly recollect the rites of their early childhood. The Indian languages are in some cases quite gone. In time this might inevitably have taken place. But we hastened the process by a stupid and shortsighted hatred of the Indians as "savages" who must be turned into white citizens as rapidly as possible. For the new policy of the Indian Bureau which will at least attempt to preserve what remains of Indian rites, arts, and crafts, we may therefore be profoundly grateful.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

The Theater Exhibit

To the Editors of The Nation:

Your art critic, Miss Brenner, seems to be far more confused than the general public is by the exhibition of theater designs at the Museum of Modern Art. The exhibition has been open four weeks. To date 32,000 people have visited it, an average of 8,000 people a week. People do not turn out in such numbers to see any show in order to be bewildered or bored.

It is of course very gracious of Miss Brenner to edit my catalogue introduction to the point of suggesting that I described stage design as "impure art" when I really meant that drawings for the theater were "unfinished" art. Had I wanted to characterize scenic designs as "unfinished" I would have said so.

None of these designs, even when they are what we call sketches, are "unfinished." They are exactly as finished as any number of the drawings or paintings which we are in the habit of calling "works of art"; that is, they completely express the artist's intention. Many of them are excessively "finished" in the sense of being packed with detail. Almost all the drawings shown are complete and "finished" in that they show the completed (finished) theatrical spectacle as the artist wants it to appear when built, painted, lighted, and shown in the theater. And it is that evocation of a stage picture that the public gets as directly and almost as easily as the effect of the stage settings they are accustomed to see at the rise of the curtain.

If Miss Brenner's ignorance of the technical side of scene designing were not so complete, she could not assure your readers that these drawings are "technical preparations for a theatrical spectacle." The technical preparations for the making of scenery are architectural drawings to scale, which have been omitted from the exhibit. Miss Brenner can find them in the Renaissance textbooks of Serlio or Sabbatini and in the filing cabinets of any New York designer.

Theatrical designs, whether of the seventeenth or the twentieth century, are "impure" in the same sense that the bulk of pictorial art of the past was "impure," namely, they are not self-sufficient. They exist to illuminate something more than the methods of representation employed. Like much historic painting they are illustrations of a popular subject, a recognized theme, or an accepted text. Their aesthetic effect is not wholly a matter of the particular "organization" of line and color employed, but partly a result of their ability to give a fresh sense of the meaning, the importance, and the emotional implications of their dramatic subject matter by dramatizing it again in pictorial terms. The emotions they arouse are not those purely aesthetic ones that it has been the fashion for connoisseurs and critics to cultivate of recent years.

My point, ironically put, was that art is often all the better for being impure to this extent. The contrast I underlined in my foreword was the contrast between this kind of "impure art," which can be widely appreciated, and our recent cult of "pure art," which can be appreciated only by specialists who are interested in such pure aesthetic values as the way a guitar is properly "organized" in relation to a nearby table and a cigar box, or how a nude model is brought into perfect rapport with a stretch of wallpaper.

I hesitate to disillusion Miss Brenner about the motives of such best-sellers among the Parisian "art artists" as Picasso and Derain. Like most of the leading French painters they are hard-boiled business men. Their unwillingness to look for their scenic sketches or to lend them was primarily due to the fact that they have no ready market and command no prices comparable to "finished" paintings. That is why the Picassos, the Derain, the Legers, and the Braque in this exhibition had to be borrowed from some of the few private collections of theater art that exist abroad.

Miss Brenner seems to have got so confused as to become downright peevish. To say that certain American designs were "tucked away" in a small room on the fourth floor is unwarranted in view of the fact that the museum has only one large exhibition gallery. These designs, like those of some of the leading artists of Vienna, Prague, Paris, and Stockholm, were distributed on the third floor in four rooms which are almost exactly the same size. To class Jo Mielziner as a "revolutionary propagandist" is the height of the ridiculous. His distinction as a stage designer is due to the sensitiveness and subtlety with which he has used the traditional devices of nineteenth-century stage realism. Gorelik's and Carson's designs, although for supposedly propagandist and revolutionary plays, are far less revolutionary from the point of view of theatrical picture making than those of Heythum and Hofman, also "tucked away" in one of the rooms on the same floor. Gorelik's settings for "Processional" are the wittiest of variations on the most traditional way of making stage settings, established in the eighteenth century—the painted border, cut-out, and backdrop.

New York, February 12 Lee Simonson

The Workers' Protest Meeting

To the Editors of The Nation:

On last Friday afternoon the Socialist Party and certain large trade unions of New York City called the workers of New York to "down tools" and march to a huge meeting of protest against the slaughter of Austrian Socialists. Immediately upon the issuance of this call the Communist Party and the Communist trade unions ordered their members to attend the meeting in the name of "unity." Those who marched on Madison Square Garden at the Communist call came with a special edition of the *Daily Worker* in their hands, carrying instructions which would inevitably lead to the breaking up of the meeting.

From three o'clock on organized groups of Communists entered the Garden and began shouting under direction. When the meeting opened at 4 p.m. none of the speakers could be heard. The turmoil grew. The announcer for the Columbia broadcasting chain took the microphone. "Folks, this is the greatest battle the Garden has ever seen." The Communist-led groups were carrying out their instructions.

There was never a time when the unity of the workers was more necessary, when the policy of deliberately setting workers against other workers was more indefensible. We have been among those who have worked for the united front on certain issues, but a united front cannot be effected as long as the Communist Party leaders follow a policy of "unity" through disruption of organized workers' groups.

We maintain that there is no justification for these tactics. The world might have been given the story of a mighty protest against fascism voiced by 30,000 workers. The responsibility for the attack on a workers' demonstration should be placed squarely on the Communist leaders, who thus set back indefinitely the prospect of a united front that can have any meaning for the working class.

Mary Fox, Devere Allen, Reinhold Niebuhr, Samuel H. Friedman, John Hurling, Mary W. Hillyer, Joseph P. Lash, David Lasser

New York, February 19

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Finance

Wall Street Gets a Shock

AFTER many months of hide-and-seek between the specter of impending doom and its own belief in the immortality of easy money, Wall Street at last has been confronted with the proposed Fletcher-Rayburn bill. The shock has brought forth cries of anguish, for the bill embodies most of the forebodings which have haunted the Street since the inauguration of the New Deal.

Surprise was mingled with dismay at the comprehensive and stringent character of the proposed act. Although Wall Street's most disheartening experience with the Roosevelt Administration has been its consistent failure to obtain the advance official information to which it had grown accustomed under Republican rule, it had become confident recently that painfully restrictive legislation was improbable at the present session of Congress. Its optimism was borne out temporarily by the moderate recommendations for regulation from the Dickinson committee. When word at last broke through of the impending draft of legislation by Messrs. Pecora and Landis, its mood shifted abruptly from hopefulness to chilling fear.

Under these conditions Wall Street lost its head and could find voice only for the impulsive complaint that the bill would seriously reduce the volume of business on the New York Stock Exchange and other markets. With its second wind, it recovered enough equilibrium to indulge in considerable embroidering of this theme. It is now painting a picture of enforced curtailment of employment if the bill is enacted in its original form: offices will be closed; real-estate values in the financial districts will decline; federal and State revenues from stock-transfer taxes will suffer. The Street sees a frozen, inactive market, imperiling the liquidity of investors' holdings, and foretells drastic deflation of security prices caused by wholesale dumping of stock collateral to meet the new margin requirements.

It is difficult to become panic-stricken by these laments. If, as Wall Street has now tacitly admitted, widespread speculation on thin margin is the backbone of much of the business on security exchanges, then any measure which curbs speculation will inevitably reduce the total volume of transactions. If pools, options, puts and calls, and the other paraphernalia of the Wall Street game are essential to maintain the present plant built around the security markets, then any legislation effectively seeking an honest market will entail retrenchment in that plant. Since the direct means of reducing speculation is to curtail the credit available for speculation, then the necessary stiffening of margin requirements will naturally compel a readjustment of loan accounts which are below these requirements.

Wall Street is, naturally, exaggerating the importance of the act's repercussions on the national economy. It flaunts the figure of about seven billion dollars of existing security loans as evidence of the amount of liquidation which would be unleashed by the act. But it overlooks the fact that the act specifically exempts from its margin requirements bank loans secured by collateral owned outright for more than thirty days, that many loans are secured by high-grade bonds which would be

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will take place

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THE

Soviet Union

Facts which have special significance for the *Foresighted Investor*

ECONOMIC STABILITY

Throughout the sixteen years of its existence, the Soviet Union has met all of its obligations without resort to moratoriums, "stand-still agreements" or reductions of any kind.

It has displaced leading powers of the world in point of industrial production and now stands *second only to the United States.* The First Five Year Plan involved an expenditure of $26 billion at par for the national economy.

While other nations have been staggering under the impact of the depression the Soviet Union has reduced its total of foreign obligations by 67%. For the year 1933, exports exceeded imports by $75 million. The budget of the U. S. S. R. is balanced with a surplus.

With a gold production in 1933 of more than $50 million and a gold reserve in the issue department of the State Bank of the U.S.S.R. of $416 million, the total bonded gold debt of the Soviet Union is less than $15 million—less than that of the average small American City. Its commercial indebtedness, about $250 million, is less than even the funded debt of any one of several American cities.

These achievements are due directly to the State Planning System—in control of every factor affecting Soviet national economy.

FOR THE FORESIGHTED INVESTOR

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The bonds, issued in denominations of 100 gold roubles, are priced at par and accrued interest. (A gold rouble contains 0.774234 grams of pure gold). Their cost in American currency is based on the daily quotation of the dollar in terms of gold. Naturally, any further depreciation in the dollar would enhance the value of these Gold Bonds.

In order to insure long-term marketability, the State Bank of the U.S.S.R. has agreed to repurchase these bonds on demand of the holder at par and accrued interest at any time after one year from date of purchase.

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permitted higher margins based on 80 per cent of their lowest price within the past three years, and that in no event would collateral now considered ample need to undergo 100 per cent liquidation in order to meet the new requirements. Nor would a thinner market deprive investors of reasonable facilities for buying and selling securities. The New York Stock Exchange's own bond market is evidence of this fact, since it has maintained adequate liquidity without many of the devices used to stimulate the Exchange's stock dealings.

The anguish which Wall Street is suffering is heightened by the wholesome respect it has for the talents of Mr. Landis and his associates in drafting lawyer-proof legislation. Bitter experience with the Securities Act has driven home the fact that the enemy knows the tricks of the game and can anticipate them in a manner which so far has baffled the Street's most astute and expensive legal talent. Nevertheless, Wall Street has by no means given up the ghost. It places great weight on the fact that President Roosevelt refrained from personal indorsement of the Pecora-Landis bill. It has seized upon the relatively moderate tone of the Dickinson committee's report and the backsliding statements of several of the Democratic leaders in Congress as indicating that the President's counsel will not be unanimous in supporting stringent regulation. It has welcomed its arch enemy, Samuel Untermyer, as an unexpected ally in the cause of weakening the proposed bill. The Street is now fighting for immediate profits, rendered all the more alluring by the rising trend of business indexes and by inflationary legislation, rather than, as in its agitation against the Securities Act, for future profits contingent upon a revival of the capital market. In the forthcoming hearings on the bill it will seek to remove the administration of the act from the Federal Trade Commission and thus from the clutches of Mr. Landis, to establish discretionary control over security markets in which its own representatives would have a voice, and to place actual regulation principally in the hands of the exchanges themselves.

In its campaign Wall Street will have the whole-hearted cooperation of the heads of the allied interests of corporation management and control. These gentlemen will fight to the last ditch against a law which would compel them to keep the public currently informed on the condition of their business, which would expose their salaries and bonuses, and which would eliminate their speculative profits on inside information. The union of these forces presents a formidable obstacle to effective legislation. Passage of the bill in recognizable form in the face of this opposition will score an authentic victory for the liberal factions at Washington. PETER HELMOOP NOYES

The Intelligent Traveler

"THE Twentieth Century in the Wake of Alexander the Great" is the sonorous title of a tour through the Near East which Dr. Hans Kohn will conduct this spring. The party will set out from Alexandria on March 29, traveling through Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and Turkey. Dr. Kohn has lived in the Near East for over eight years and is the author of two books on its perplexed problems. He will introduce the group to the social, economic, and cultural changes that result from the impact of Western civilization on the East. The tour is first class throughout and costs $550 for the thirty days from Alexandria to Beirut. Dr. Hans Kohn may be addressed at 129 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Community enterprises—fairs, music festivals, pageants, and the like—are not usually announced in detail by the committees that sponsor them until the last moment. Especially in England the early months of summer bring interesting pageants and festivals of which little is known here now beyond their dates. A few of these are noted; others will be announced later.

A Music Festival at Torquay, a popular beach resort on the Devon coast, has been announced for May 1 to 5. Its auspices are good; nothing is yet known of its program.

On April 16 the Shakespeare Drama Festival opens at Stratford-on-Avon, to continue until September 15. W. Bridges Adams will again direct the Stratford company, which remains nearly unchanged. Plays to be done this year include "The Tempest," "Henry V," "Cymbeline," 'Much Ado About Nothing," "A Winter's Tale," "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard III," and "Othello."

The Canterbury Festival of Music and Drama will take place the second week in June at Canterbury Cathedral, with John Masefield and Sybil Thorndyke participating.

The Seminar in Cuba, announced in this column recently, has been canceled by the Committee for Cultural Relations with Latin America. Cuban political and cultural leaders are absorbed in attempting to solve the problems of the country and cannot give the necessary time to seminar sessions. The committee preferred to abandon the project rather than negate its worth by accepting unimportant people for the Cuban faculty.

About two hundred Americans are expected to go to the Soviet Union for the celebration of May Day on Red Square. The parties will include a group of professional people and a delegation of fifty American workers, elected by unions and factories, who will go under the auspices of the Friends of the Soviet Union. A Music Festival in Leningrad celebrating the birth of the composer Borodine will be held the last ten days in May. Jascha Heifetz and Efrem Zimbalist will appear with the Leningrad Symphonic Orchestra, and Russian and European musicians of equal distinction are expected to take part. Two operas, a ballet, and solo concerts will be given besides the orchestra performances.

Those for whom the theater is the principal reason for spending the winter in New York would do well to transplant themselves to Moscow for a winter season. The unquenchable vitality of the Moscow theater is attested by the odd fact that through the wildest days of the revolution and all that followed the theaters continued night after night. According to Lee Simonson, Oliver Sayler, and many other competent judges, the Moscow stage today offers an abundance, variety, and excitement found nowhere else in the world. The playgoer who would cover the ground in a few weeks must sample several shows a night.

Early visitors to the Soviet Union will catch the theater season in full swing, and this year it is an unusually lively one, as all visitors—from Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne to Harpo Marx—agree. The Ballet School of the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow is celebrating the 125th anniversary of its founding in April, with special presentations which include "representatives of the different generations of the ballet art." The Moscow Art Theater is playing Gorki's reminiscent "Yegor Bulichev," now being done in New York by the semi-amateur Arteff Theater. "Fear" by A. Afinogenov, which is said to be one of the most impressive modern Russian plays, is running in Moscow and will shortly be produced in this country. The Music Theater will present "La Traviata" with a new libretto this spring. The Kameryn Theater has planned a potpourri in which Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," and Pushkin's "Egyptian Nights," will be combined and presented in one night. The Theater of the Revolution is producing "Romeo and Juliet" in March. These are only scattered examples of the choices. JOHN ROTHSCHILD

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Books, Music, Drama

Bystander

By LIONEL WIGGAM

What trees have risen slim and green,
What stars have stopped in shattered flight,
What things my eyes have never seen,
I am not troubled by tonight.

I stroll indifferent in rain
Or unconcerned I lie in grass,
Watching the moon appear and wane,
Feeling the seasons come and pass.

In other towns are men who brood
On creatures nondescript and dead:
If there is chaos in my mood,
It is for living things instead.

Hearing the wind among the leaves,
The vast, intolerable sound of thunder—
Mine is a heart that never grieves
Though multitudinous moons go under.

The Biography Rush

EMIL LUDWIG told reporters not long ago that he was abandoning biography, that it had become an industry. Mr. Ludwig should know, for it was he as much as any other one individual who helped to turn biography for a short moment of eternity into an industry. Napoleon, Christ, Abraham Lincoln, Bismarck, and the Kaiser were his staples; Lenin, Woodrow Wilson, Mussolini, Leonardo da Vinci, Frederick the Great, Cecil Rhodes, Rembrandt, and Shakespeare were his by-products, which he produced in tabloid form for the essay market.

But whatever Mr. Ludwig's plans for the future may be, biography will remain of interest to mankind. Indeed, it would be a good thing for biography as a fine art if the recent extravagant interest in the lives of great men should die down, for that interest stimulated too many writers not fitted for the work to write hastily about characters concerning whom they did not have sufficient material. It was Lytton Strachey who suggested that "it is perhaps as difficult to write a good life as to live one." And it was he too who wrote: "Human beings are too important to be treated as mere symptoms of the past. They have a value which is independent of any temporal processes—which is eternal, and must be felt for its own sake."

Lytton Strachey's own superb success with biography as a fine art stimulated others to apply the formulas which they extracted from his individual method. Innumerable writers who had never before been interested in biography turned their hands to the trade. They put in research machines, added a dash of witty varnish, which they thought to be of the same quality as Strachey's distilled irony, and the publishers sent forth the finished product with attendant publicity. The result was that the public's interest in a great many good subjects was catered to hurriedly and inadequately. It was all part of the Stock Market Age, and at that time it was not unusual for three or four lives of the same person to be published almost simultaneously. It looked for a time as if the publishers would be forced to send out sandwich men with the slogan: "Wait for Maurois; any parrot can be taught to say just as good." Had the boom proceeded much farther, it probably would have become necessary to add a biography schedule to the protective tariff and to warn visiting foreigners that they might lecture, but that any attempt on their parts to write the life of Abraham Lincoln or Carl Laemmle would result in deportation. It might even have become advisable to hire a native gunman, who would have approached a non-member of National Biographers, Inc., with: "Oh, so you're going to do Martha Washington, eh! Well, one peep out of you in the *Atlantic Monthly* and—" The stock-market crash happily obviated all such trade necessities, and the interest in biography is once more settling to its natural level.

Another phase of the biography business which has flourished for many years is the rich man's biography trade. Millionaires have had their biographical research workers, who in social position came somewhere between the caddy and the master of the yacht, and their biographers, who received the respect their prices commanded. At one period any writer who had written a couple of successful biographies could have hung up a shingle in Wall Street reading: "Lives written; walk up two flights and save $20,000."

One American biographer once told me that he had made $100,000 writing the lives of rich men, and that was ten years ago. "It is easy," he remarked, "it only takes six months, and you can do your other work at the same time." "Suppose," I asked, "you discover that the subject was a—er, er, er?" "Oh," the biographer answered with hurried embarrassment, "I write them just as I do all my other books." A lady once wrote me to ask if I would not write the life of her father, who had been a Cabinet minister in the Cabinet of some obscure President of the United States, and she inclosed a two-cent stamp for a reply. Offers varying from the naive to the corrupt used to arrive in the mail intermittently. One woman who asked me to write the life of her notorious father with her collaboration remarked: "We could include my husband's and my experiences; we have had a very interesting life; we have traveled, we've been to Honolulu." One man offered to open to me for grazing ground the files of a large corporation if I would lend myself to the whitewashing of his father, who was the forceful executive of that corporation. But, he warned me, there were some things which could not yet be told. "They would hurt too many people," he remarked.

As for the debunkers, we all know by now that George Washington had false teeth, that Abraham Lincoln liked dirty stories, and that Woodrow Wilson knew a beautiful lady when he saw one. Portraiture is once more coming into its own, as it always does after a wave of pretty or ugly moralities. The late Gamaliel Bradford, who spent a sensitive lifetime at precise portraiture, has been hailed after his death as one of the few modern biographers of any importance. Biography has survived its boom.

M. R. WERNER

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Studs Lonigan's World

The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan. By James T. Farrell. Vanguard Press. $2.50.

IN his new novel Mr. Farrell is more directly occupied with the theme of Catholicism in the modern world than in either of the other two books that he has published in the last three years. Young Lonigan, whose unbeautiful adolescence in the streets of Chicago's South Side formed the subject of the first volume of the trilogy which Mr. Farrell is devoting to this character, is shown grown to young manhood, and unquestionably the greatest of his problems is the attempt to reconcile the moral and religious teachings inculcated in him at St. Patrick's parochial school with the standards of conduct admired and put into action by the gang at the corner poolroom. The great difference between Studs Lonigan and most other hard guys in recent fiction lies in his possession of a still very active moral and religious sensibility. None of the characters in this book is as completely dehumanized, for example, as the characters of William Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell. They are not so tough that they cannot indulge in occasional moments of remorse and self-disgust. They do not retire to the neighborhood brothel before listening to a thoroughgoing excoriation of modern youth by the visiting retreat orator, whose sermon, reproduced in full, is one of the many tours de force in the book. Studs Lonigan and his friends are not without the sense of sin, and that perhaps is what gives the special quality of horror to the picture of them that Mr. Farrell draws for us. A concentration of this horror is managed in the next to last chapter, in which they are all brought together at a New Year's party, and which has much the same effect as the famous Walpurgis Night episode in "Ulysses" and that last gruesome reunion in the final volume of Proust. It is a terrible chapter, one of the most terrible that has ever been written, and one that no other novelist of Mr. Farrell's generation could possibly have written. By means of a device that makes also for the greatest economy of presentation—the fragmenting of the narrative into thirty-two numbered episodes—Mr. Farrell emphasizes the almost insane disintegration of values that has occurred in the particular corner of the modern world on which he has chosen to concentrate.

Also it may be said that in this brilliantly managed chapter Mr. Farrell avoids most of the defects that have so far stood in the way of his being the most mature, as he is already the most compelling, of the several young American writers who have emerged in the last few years. His faults, from the beginning, have been the consequences of an excessive enthusiasm, of an insufficient discipline. This is most easily to be seen in his habit of using the extraordinarily violent and picturesque language of abuse current among his South Side "punks" and "goofs" almost for its own sake. Also, in his Celtic fondness for the racier forms of expression, he frequently fails to distinguish properly between the vocabulary of his characters and the vocabulary of his own style: "It was Saturday night. Husk Lonigan had the dough from the first pay he had earned since starting to work for the old man." The effect of this confusion is particularly disturbing in the more subjective passages. It might also be objected that a good deal of the narrative, although interesting enough in itself, is too loosely connected with the theme; the novel is certainly too long. But so successfully has he brought together the many characters and disparate elements of the story in his amazing penultimate chapter that one is left with an impression of extraordinary unity. "Some day," Danny O'Neill tells himself, in one of the obviously autobiographical passages of the book, "he would drive this neighborhood and all his memories of it out of his consciousness with a book." This is that book, and Mr. Farrell has succeeded so well in driving his South Side neighborhood out of his mind that we are not likely to forget it for a long time to come.

WILLIAM TROY

A Coonskin Classic

Davy Crockett. By Constance Rourke. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MISS ROURKE is said to have written this book for "young readers," whoever they are. If they are boys who habitually read for narrative excitement they will get plenty of it in the story of Crockett's life which Miss Rourke has so skilfully put together out of many documents. If they are accustomed to the excitements of language they will have high times with a vernacular which Miss Rourke has salvaged out of our obscure past, their ears will glow in the presence of crackling epithets such as have not been heard since the country settled into the deeps of civilization, their cheeks will flush with pleasure at many an indigenous tall tale. But are there any such boys? It can be doubted. It can be maintained, and hereby is, that Miss Rourke has written an exceedingly sophisticated book. And why not, since she is the author of "American Humor," and since she is perhaps the person best equipped in the whole United States to produce yet more works than these two in the field of literary archaeology? She will undoubtedly produce them and they will not be for boys—any more than "Davy Crockett" is, though it is that in small part.

"Davy Crockett" is essentially a study of that ringtailed, roaring American language which seems to have been at the peak of its richness a little more than a century ago. It was heard in the Western clearings and up back trails, but more particularly it was heard along the great rivers, the Ohio and the Mississippi, which were the thoroughfares of a swarming, many-colored culture. Mike Fink spoke it there, and a year ago his prowess was celebrated in a book by Walter Blair and Franklin J. Meine. David Crockett, bear-hunter, river-wader, coon-grinner, and Congressman, spoke it in Tennessee, whence his fame spread not only because he was death on animals but because he was death on the rhetorical conventions. He named his hounds Whirlwind, Old Rattler, Soundwell, Tiger, Growler, Holdfast, Grim, Deathmaul, and Thunderbolt. It was said of him whom neither summer nor winter rivers stopped that he could "swim faster, dive deeper, stay down longer, and come up drier than any man in all creation." And he was widely acknowledged to be a man who, when condescendingly spoken to by some Easterner in a tall hat, could back the Easterner clear into the Atlantic Ocean with tall tales that made his hat look like a pimple on a porcupine.

Miss Rourke has been quite as much interested in the legend of Crockett as in the man himself, or at any rate she has permitted herself to quote and paraphrase liberally from the almanacs and chapbooks which continued for twenty years after his death to fabricate things he might have said. The things he might have said and done are so little different from the things he did say and do, and the whole body of lingo is so interesting and typical in itself, that Miss Rourke rightly enough represents it all. There are those, indeed, who would have forbidden her to make use even of Crockett's own autobiographies, long considered spurious. But she has been at some pains to prove that the earliest of these, known as the "Narrative," was written by him with the help of one Thomas Chilton; she is willing to accept portions of the "Tour" as authentic; and she does not hesitate to take incidents from the posthumous "Exploits" in order to round out her tale of the hero who died at San Antonio. No reader should quarrel with

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such a method when it is employed by so able and intelligent a writer as Miss Rourke, who among other things knows how to quote supremely well—so well, indeed, that we are spared the suspicion, unless we suddenly come to and begin to think for ourselves, that much of the tall talk she praises must have been unbearably dull, and that Crockett himself must have had his tiresome hours. Neither, surely, was he quite the fellow whom Miss Rourke makes him out to be. He was probably a little less important, a little less noble, if one can judge by the "Narrative" which Miss Rourke herself authenticates; for in that book the buzz of his tongue grows sometimes very tedious, as no doubt it did in Washington, in Jackson's day. But the privilege of idealization is one again that no rational reader will deny so charming a writer as Miss Rourke. She has done something not easy to do. She has preserved a horsefly in amber.

MARK VAN DOREN

Kemmerer on Money

Kemmerer on Money. By Edwin Walter Kemmerer. The John C. Winston Company. $1.50.

THIS little volume of barely 200 pages, the amplification of a series of articles which the author contributed to the New York *Sun,* is much the best book on money for the general reader that has appeared during the present depression. There were good a priori reasons for believing that it would turn out to be just that. For Professor Kemmerer, who has acted as official financial adviser to the Philippine government, to Colombia, Chile, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, Poland, and China, has had more practical experience in setting currencies on their feet that any other man living; and he writes very simply and lucidly. Further, his book is no mere setting forth of general principles; it bears directly on the special issues raised by the monetary policies of President Roosevelt.

Necessarily the volume is controversial, but it is written without heat, and Dr. Kemmerer's arguments are all the more powerful because of the calmness, the tone almost of mere exposition, with which they are stated. His demonstration of the unworkability of a "commodity dollar" is thorough, and his exposure of the follies of our recent silver policy is even more so. In some respects the most significant chapters in the present book are those on the American inflation in the Civil War and post-Civil War periods and on the post-war German inflation, for they show how slow inflation is to get under way and how violent and uncontrollable the acceleration becomes when it does. The case of Germany is, of course, much the more striking. Germany's paper money increased from less than 3 billion marks at the beginning of the war to 29 billion at the end of November, 1918. The demand deposits of the Reichsbank increased in the same period from 858,000,000 marks to 10.7 billions. Here was a tenfold inflation of money and credit. Yet from the calendar year 1914 to 1918 the price of gold in terms of marks, as measured by the New York-Berlin exchange rates, rose only 41 per cent, while wholesale prices in Germany merely doubled. At this point the dam burst, and the mark began that appalling plunge which did not end until it had reached a trillionth of its former value, while the cost of living soared to a level 1,247 billion times as high as that in 1913. Let us fervently hope that those who are now "disappointed" by the rise of prices so far achieved under a 59-cent dollar, and are calling for more devaluation and the high-pressure pumping of currency and credit into our system, can be brought to see in time the disaster toward which such policies lead. The real danger is not that the price response to the 59-cent dollar will be insufficient, but that runaway markets may suddenly develop.

Some minor criticisms must be made of the present book. It is to be regretted that Professor Kemmerer did not include a chapter on the French inflation, which was much more nearly analogous to our own recent and prospective inflation than the fantastic German episode. On questions of practical judgment, Dr. Kemmerer's opinion that the 1926 level of prices was approximately that to which we would have returned even without devaluation is open to grave question. Finally, Professor Kemmerer is an adherent of the orthodox quantity theory of money, and that theory seems to me both theoretically and statistically untenable. Professor Kemmerer falls back upon the concept of "velocity of circulation" to account for statistical discrepancies, but the objections to this reasoning are numerous: it may be pointed out, for one thing, that the circulation of money and credit cannot increase without a corresponding increase in the circulation of goods (including speculative transactions), so that *both* sides of the famous quantity equation are raised.

But these theoretical points are relatively unimportant here. Professor Kemmerer's practical conclusions are nearly all implicitly based on the bullion theory anyway, and not the quantity theory, for he assumes that a given percentage of reduction in the gold content of the dollar will be eventually reflected in a rise of commodity prices in inverse ratio. And like nearly all our other leading monetary economists, Professor Kemmerer favors the termination of uncertainty by a full return to the gold standard, accompanied by a vigorous and unequivocal statement from the President declaring it to be the intention of the Administration to use all the resources of the government to stay on gold and to maintain permanently whatever new dollar parity is fixed.

HENRY HAZLITT

Spengler Declines the West

The Hour of Decision. By Oswald Spengler. Translated from the German by Charles Francis Atkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE fame or rather the notoriety of its author should not deceive us: neither the message of "The Hour of Decision" nor the delivery of that message is unique. If we are to believe Spengler, who, like so many other historians, seems to confound his own person with that of the Deity, the book has a special profundity; for it is the *wordless idea* which the Prussian has in the *blood by inheritance* that gives permanence to the future, and it is this wordless idea which Spengler, as one who charts the future, would express. In the course of an argument composed of an admirable series of non sequiturs, Spengler finds occasion to dismiss the Age of Rationalism of which our present is a part, and with it those arrogant urbanites who insist upon the use of intelligence. As such an urbanite the reviewer confesses his inability to deal with Spengler as Spengler would be dealt with.

Though a heretic, and forbidden the German radio for his heresy (but not the bookstores), it is his opinion that the national movement has hardly begun, and he holds that even Jews may be Prussians, like the Japanese; the tone and the content of Spengler's "The Hour of Decision" are one with the dogma of Rosenberg and Hitler, of Von Papen and Göring. There is the leader, the hero, whom all others obey, and for whom, as for the hero's slaves, it is ignoble to die in bed. *Human history is war history.* It is a leader faithful to a destiny which is to consist in the omnipotent rule of Prussianism, the reign of blood and iron and of death. This ideal—unlike the Ideal which, as suitable only to the intellect of decay, is an object of contempt—is familiar; those who have amused themselves with

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the Wagnerian controversies of the nineteenth century should have little difficulty in recognizing it. Only Spengler, taken with the insignificant notion of historical necessity, would add that it is for Germany to rule the new Roman *imperium* into which we discover ourselves fated to enter. The arguments used in defense of this thesis, as we have suggested, are not novel, and the dialectic is trifling. But the strong man is wordless, and the Faustian man who strives toward the infinite must speak only in negations.

What, in brief, is Spengler's special mode of argument? The concepts are two, destiny and race. The ideal of the right or Prussian race consists in obeying destiny as that destiny is interpreted by the historian, or Spengler. This quotation, chosen by Spengler from Wagner's "Siegfried," will leave us in no doubt as to what is intended by destiny:

> On the world's loom
> Weave the Norns doom,
> Nor may they guide it nor change.

Doom is introduced in the character of Western rationalism in general, but it is most vividly personified in socialism and the colored—not yellow, since the Japanese are Prussians, too—peril, the peculiar fruit of its impotence. The colored peril is the external, socialism the internal menace. In reality they are one, for socialism and the advancement of labor are merely the colored peril within supported by the colored peril without—a diagnosis which with some alteration of nuance is concurred in by many Communists, but which, granted, does not, as Spengler thinks, necessarily imply the reduction of worker to slave. This reduction is necessary, however, because, unlike any other, the Prussian or aristocratic ideal expresses itself through property. The follower must belong to the leader. The Germanic race (property-owners), the warlike Prussian spirit, will recognize fate, the mask will be dropped, and history will come to be once more. If the awakening fails, it is history in an incorrect version which will unfold. That destiny, in danger of becoming dichotomous, will vanish is apparent, but this peculiar circumstance Spengler ignores.

Such is the invincible doctrine of Spengler, written with his blood, but to be received perhaps with the tears of the reader.

LINCOLN REIS

Ugly Duckling

The Life of Hans Christian Andersen. By Signe Toksvig. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

IN a childhood brimming with fairy tales—Grimm and Hoffmann and Andrew Lang and many others—Andersen was always a thing apart. Even a child felt the difference, the initiation into a quality of real emotion, a shy, wistful beauty that held a delicately distilled pain and a sly humor, a pathos that had a half-hidden insistent meaning. Even a child responded to the perfection of that artless manner that conveyed so much more than it said so simply. Even a child knew that the ugly duckling was not only a bird and that the fate of the fir tree was more than a plant's tragedy.

That was one half of the essence of Andersen. His tales had an emotional and artistic truth because they were all directly or inversely about himself. He was the duckling, the fir tree; he was also the swineherd who, unlike the one in the story, never succeeded in kissing the princess. All his life, as Miss Toksvig points out, his main theme was the one who is on the outside and gets inside, his tragedies were of those who for some reason or other could not get inside, or who were so completely outside that they never even thought of getting inside.

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"My life is a lovely story, happy and full of incident . . . ," he wrote in his autobiography. "My fate could not have been directed more happily, more prudently, or better. The story of my life will say to the world what it says to me—there is a loving God who directs all things for the best." And elsewhere he wrote, "For me the marvelous has always been truth." That was the other half of Andersen. Reality to him was one long fairy tale, with himself as the hero. Emotionally he remained all his life a child, gifted, sensitive, affectionate, obstinate, and exhibitionistic, with no power of self-criticism, dependent for his main values on the praise of others. When he did not get it, even in adult years, he wept.

His childhood had aspects that could easily become legendary. A shiningly immaculate poverty surrounded by forests and gardens in a village that retained many medieval beliefs and customs. A mad grandfather who brooded in the boy's mind as a perpetual fear that turned to shame and terror when the school children laughed at his fantastic tales of being a changeling—for he *must* be important—and said he was mad like his granddad. Free access to the asylum where his mild grandmother tended the garden and to the jail where he saw strange unforgettable sights. His dreamy father, a cobbler by an accident of fate, read plays to him, made him a puppet theater, took him to walk in the woods, and shocked his wife by saying that Jesus was only a very good man. He died young. The mother, loving and ignorant, poured all the local superstitions into her receptive child, who spent his time dreaming—sometimes so intently that he walked about with his eyes shut—reading, and making costumes for his puppets. Unable to get along well with other children, he made friends easily with grown people, who liked him and often went to remarkable lengths to help him. He had always friends far above him in station. He was only a boy when he began to write poems and plays and to read them aloud to the neighbors, a habit he simply could not conquer even when full grown. He read his productions to friends and strangers, singly or in groups. They were, on the whole, remarkably acquiescent, but in later years he was often ridiculed and his real friends begged him not to do it.

At fourteen he left the village and went to Copenhagen with some six dollars in his pocket. His mother said he must learn a trade, preferably that of tailor, and the neighbors agreed, but he said no, that would be a great sin for he was meant for something better. "First you suffer a great deal," he explained to his mother, "and then you become famous." And so it actually turned out.

In the end, after the most fantastic happenings, having written many incredibly bad plays, suffered terribly because of critics, poverty, and girls who would not marry him, besides the discouragements inherent in his own limitations, he found himself growing famous through the "trifles," the fairy tales, he had thrown off in the intervals of his real work. He had always had friends among the local aristocrats. But now he was acclaimed throughout Europe, sought by artists and writers, received and decorated by princes and kings. He was a great man. Because everyone praised him he knew it was so, for he was never sure otherwise. And yet, paradoxically, it was only his fervent, romantic belief in himself that had made it possible for him to triumph over poverty, ignorance, lack of ideas combined with ardent imagination, emotional dependence and disappointments, an entirely personal view of life. Miss Toksvig tells the story with insight, skill, and charm, and without sentimentality.

Where can one place Andersen? Was he a great man? Can an eternal child be that? He was an exquisite lyric poet whose poems are fairy tales that have an enduring appeal to the simple, fundamental emotions of old and young, and to the sense of beauty and pathos of sensitive adolescents.

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Music

Two Brands of Piety

TWO new American operas: "Four Saints in Three Acts," words by Gertrude Stein and music by Virgil Thomson, recently performed at Hartford, Connecticut, and now at the Forty-fourth Street Theater in New York; and "Merry Mount," libretto by Richard L. Stokes and music by Howard Hanson, presented at the Metropolitan.

Superficially, the works are antipodes. The Stein-Thomson number had about it much of the alembication, the archness and mild effrontery, that has regularly gone with the Parisian cosmopolitanism of our cultural expatriates. Its seriousness was frequently overlaid with the apologetic smirks of fashion. The Stokes-Hanson work dismissed all such subterfuge: dealing with the rigors of our early Puritan morality, it was as stark and severe as it could be. Thomson's facile associationism often led him to give a comical emphasis to Miss Stein's cryptic passages, to delve into that bag of self-protective mannerisms which was the possession of Jules Laforgue in poetry and of such musicians as Satie, Milhaud, Casella, and Rieti. Hanson, as the composer of a "Nordic" and a Romantic symphony, could not abide by this indirect approach to his material: he was as sober as Wagner or Moussorgsky, and frequently sounded like them. In his earnestness he even permitted us to hear premonitory Indian war-whoops behind the curtain before disclosing the conflagration of the Puritan village, and I confess that the literalness of this "foreshadowing" seemed to dispel receptivity rather than awaken it. In merely waiting for the curtain to rise one was more malleable to the dramatist's wishes than after hearing these realistic yips. Frankly tuneful, Thomson treated Stein's fluid words like unrhymed jingles. He even gave us an aria constructed of vocal exercises; and in one place he managed a duet like the antiphonal announcements of a cuckoo clock and a grandfather's clock. Hanson aimed at firm, archaistic melodies based upon ancient church modes.

In setting, the Stein-Thomson performance was superb in its devices for ocular ingratiation. No revue for the glorification of the American girl could discover surer methods of awaking our delight in color and choric maneuvers than did the blended scenery and costumes of Florine Stettheimer and the constantly alert choreography of Frederick Ashton. The Metropolitan presentation relied upon the strictly naturalistic style of stage setting and those flames and smoke which are the mechanic's triumph. In contrast with the lithe and comely nakedness of the Negro dancers in "Four Saints," we had in "Merry Mount" the unintentionally comical semi-nudity of the unfortunate Lady Marigold, the innocent victim of Wrestling Bradford's righteously distorted lustfulness.

But for all their superficial differences, there is a common element to be noted in these two works. Thomson has previously written frankly devotional music, as well as some entertaining music for another of Stein's pieces, "Capital Capitals." In "Four Saints" he seems to have combined these two aspects of himself quite well, giving us, beneath the picturesque and the grotesque, the kinds of sound that are authentically ecclesiastical in feeling. The effect was undoubtedly enhanced to a great extent by the cast of Negroes, who are equipped by a long tradition to season their congregational expressions with sportiveness. Thomson has shown that even a burlesque of the "sacred song" can draw effectively from precisely the same wells of response as the simple article might do—and there was a passage in the manner of Bach which flowered appealingly for the brief moment it lasted.

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I should like to discourse easily and familiarly on the plot of Stein's piece, but must admit that I cannot. The words show evidence of a private planfulness which makes them much more difficult to fathom than if they were written under gas. Indeed, with our modern technique of interpretation, words spoken truly at random, in dreams or hallucination, would be much more revealing—but Miss Stein's extremely loquacious reticence shows evidence of a waking deliberation which too often makes her lines elusive rather than allusive. Is there, in a highly attenuated form, something of that ultimate confusion of birth, rebirth, marriage, love, and death which lies at the bottom of Wagnerian preoccupations, secularly in "Tristan" and ecclesiastically in "Parsifal"? One gets a "drift": that there is to be a play about saints; that Saint Therese has two selves; that one of them is quite Rotarian; that there is a dirge-like epithalamium—if epithalamium it was—a dark purple procession marching to rhymes in "ed" ("wed in dead in dead wed led in led wed dead in dead in dead in led in wed in said in," and so so) which seemed, by our lubricous way of thinking, to gravitate about the celestial omission of the word "bed"; and at the end everything seems happily settled.

The Stokes libretto, on the other hand, was unmistakable, at least if one happens to have read it, and not relied upon the muffled articulations that carried across the footlights. Wrestling Bradford is in great need of a woman, and his sleep is sorely troubled. In keeping with the ideology of his times, he attributes his discomfiture to the work of demons, who are thought to be struggling for the possession of America. Another group of settlers, having more joyous notions of the "good life," arrives—and the young minister Bradford falls in love with one of them, Lady Marigold, who asks him to marry her to a member of her own party. Bradford "rationalizes" his turbulent disappointment with the help of the fact that the newer settlers plan to erect so godless and pagan a thing as a Maypole. He instigates an attack against them as allies of evil, and Marigold's fiance is killed. However, Marigold continues to repulse Bradford, who in a dream sells his soul to the powers of hell, thereby obtaining the lady in the dream-form of Astoreth. Upon awaking, he finds his village fired by Indians, and attributes this misfortune to his oath sworn in the dream. He confesses his unholy alliance, and seizing the swooning Marigold, he leaps with her into the flames, while the Puritans chant the Lord's Prayer in terror. Operatic opportunities: contrast of Puritan and Cavalier songs, the dance about the Maypole, the attack by the Puritans, the satanic revels in hell, Bradford's public confession of his contract with Satan.

As I had read the words of both works before seeing the performances, I had a great surprise in store for me. Stokes's text seemed to me an excellent vehicle for opera, and Stein's seemed almost negligible—yet I believe that the Stein-Thomson work is the more effective of the two theatrically—on a first hearing at least, though the fancier work might very conceivably wear thin more quickly on subsequent hearings. Stokes's text is highly respectable. But Stein's nonsense, as reinforced by Thomson, has established its great musicality. Even as nonsense it sings well: indeed, its very ambiguity may have prodded the composer to express its *quality* as utterance; if what was said was vague, *en revanche* it was said with extreme mobility of emphasis. Many modern composers, alienated by the triteness of texts, have set their scores to purely arbitrary syllables, but I believe that Thomson has profited by choosing instead the stimulus and guidance of living words, which give surer hints as to what tonal sequences—by obeying and emphasizing the natural rise and fall of spoken words—will best recommend themselves to listening.

Neither work ventures into the field of dissonance. Hanson's is largely modal. Thomson's broken fragments of tune, his continual popping forth of brief melodic figures, would prob-

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says

AH, WILDERNESS! Guild Theater. O'Neill's nostalgic comedy about a youth who discovers love and poetry together. Made doubly effective by the performance of George M. Cohan.

AS THOUSANDS CHEER. Music Box. The best musical review of the year with Clifton Webb, Leslie Adams, Helen Broderick, and Marilyn Miller in a series of acid but amusing sketches.

BIG HEARTED HERBERT. Biltmore Theater. J. C. Nugent and Elisabeth Risdon in a broad but funny farce about the taming of a self-made man.

DAYS WITHOUT END. Henry Miller's Theater. O'Neill's latest and much discussed play which may or may not prove that he is ready for conversion to the Catholic Church. Splendidly produced and acted, but not likely to seem very significant to those not religiously inclined.

HER MASTER'S VOICE. Plymouth Theater. First-rate specimen of Clare Kummer's very special kind of wit with Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play. The biggest dramatic hit of the moment but one which left me a little cold.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Propaganda play about the next war, in which the workers strike and a young college professor gets framed for murder. Drawing special but enthusiastic audiences which evidently do not agree with me that the play is quite uninspired.

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Mad doings at Princeton which involve the efforts of some high-minded students to rescue a not too innocent maiden in distress. Much the funniest farce of the year.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Absorbing psychological drama about a young man who cannot give up luxury for love. Shares with "Men in White" the first place on the list of dramas.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Spicy and more or less historical comedy about a young Austrian who finds bundling one of the pleasantest of the new freedoms in Revolutionary New England.

THE SHINING HOUR. Booth Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

THEY SHALL NOT DIE. Royale Theater. To be reviewed in next week's issue.

TOBACCO ROAD. 48th Street Theater. Superb performance by Henry Hull in a grotesquely humorous play about total depravity as exhibited by the poor whites of Georgia. Dramatized from a novel by Erskine Caldwell and not likely to be forgotten even by those who find it a little too strong for their stomachs.

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ably be found on analysis to have been built about the simplest and most fundamental of chords, like the intervals of a bugle call, or like so many of the spirituals, which seem hardly more than incidental weavings about a structure of do-mi-sol. I can easily imagine him being harnessed by Broadway or Hollywood for the purposes of commerce. The Hanson orchestration was much more highly developed, Thomson being content with the barest sufficiency of instrumental background.

Hanson's work at its best is manly and imposing. At every point it is frank in a way in which the Stein-Thomson product is not. Thomson's at its worst is effete, and content with mere tonal wisecracking. But as a piece of ingratiation—and all art in the end must ingratiate itself—I believe that "Four Saints" prevails. Perhaps it is one kind of light entertainment which all the world will some day care for, when a new day has imposed the privileges and problems of leisure upon all, and the wealthy patrons of this bounteous performance will have been generously admitted into the ranks of the spectacle-loving masses.

KENNETH BURKE

Drama

Very English and Very Good

"THE SHINING HOUR" (Booth Theater) is an admirable play which is English to the core. Like most recent importations from London its manner is subdued to an extraordinary extent, but unlike a great many it remains, nevertheless, dramatic in a way that Americans can appreciate. Obviously the author, one Keith Winter, is working directly in the current British tradition. He has all its distrust of fluent emotionalism and all its distaste for characters not well bred enough to conceal their feelings. But to me at least it appears that he has succeeded where others have failed in actually achieving a dramatic effect by means of underemphasis, and that by so doing he has done much to justify a tendency which seemed to be making the current English drama unendurably tame.

The chief characters compose a family of gentlemen farmers inhabiting an Elizabethan house in Yorkshire. Two brothers and the wife of one have settled down to a pleasant, unexciting life in a household managed by an unmarried sister, and violent feeling of any kind has been ruled out of their existence. They are not prepared for any situation like that created when a third brother returns from the East with an attractive wife, and even after it has been precipitated they can hardly believe, much less confess, that it exists. It is not that they are stern moralists, for, indeed, they are as far from being that as they are from being the kind of people to whom dangerous passions are something with which it is exciting to play. But they are, on the contrary, typical English men and women to whom it has never occurred that good sense, good breeding, and decent reserve will not prove adequate to deal with any crisis which could possibly face them. They do not want to be dramatic and they do not believe it will ever be necessary to be so. Their problem now is to deal with catastrophes of a sort they had never expected to meet, and, above all perhaps, to find words in which to communicate feelings which the whole discipline of their lives has tended to teach them to repress or conceal.

The real significance of the play does not lie in its specific situation. It may even seem to some as it does to me that this specific situation—produced by the love which springs up between one married brother and the wife of the other—is slightly artificial as well as entirely conventional. But it does serve to introduce the real theme, which is simply the effect of such a situation upon a group of people to whom it appears primarily incredible and inappropriate.

Ultimately they are compelled to acknowledge its presence, even to act out their unwilling roles to a melodramatic conclusion, but the conflict is chiefly the conflict between the reserve of their temperaments and this new necessity for throwing off reserve. They struggle desperately to conduct their lives on the old casual and easy basis. The daily routine is maintained, the informal banter kept up. But the time finally comes when passions must burst through, when a scene must be made by persons to whom scenes have always seemed unthinkable, and the crisis of the play is really the moment when this occurs. The point is not that one character takes his brother's wife. The point is that British reserve has been broken down, that persons to whom the dramatic is anathema have been compelled to act their roles in a drama. "The first thing that struck me about the English," says the half-alien wife, "is the air of confidence they have. I can't help wondering what it is that they are so confident about." And that remark, made early in the play, may possibly be intended to announce its theme.

So much for what seems to me to be a reasonable interpretation of "The Shining Hour." More obvious is the fact that it is written with great delicacy and charm, that whatever one may think further of it, the easy naturalness of the dialogue and the likableness of the characters are beyond dispute. It happens also to be very suavely played by Adrianne Allen, Raymond Massey, and Gladys Cooper, but the virtues which they interpret are plainly inherent in the script. For one thing the characterization is crisply economical, for another Mr. Winter has the rare ability to write witty dialogue of the sort which retains a certain human informality instead of crystallizing into those glittering epigrams which may be eminently quotable but are not in the least convincing as actual speech. His is a civilized play which has nothing of the sensational in it but which ought to find an appreciative audience almost as easily here as in London.

One of my friends and half a dozen of my enemies have written in to point out with varying degrees of asperity that "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was written by Jerome K. Jerome and not by Charles Rann Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy wrote "The Servant in the House" as I ought to have known. Inasmuch as I meant to be unflattering to both these authors as well as to "The Joyous Season," with which "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was compared, the situation is rather complicated, but I am ready to apologize to everybody and to any extent short of saying that either of the two works last mentioned is good.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

HERBERT SOLOW has returned to free-lance journalism after being reporter, foreign correspondent, and editor.

ELLA WINTER is the author of "Red Virtue: Human Relationships in the New Russia." She lives in California.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER is known as the founder of Barnard College and as the author of many articles and stories.

HENRY LEE MOON went to Russia to appear in a motion picture, the making of which was later discontinued.

ELLEN LA MOTTE received a memorial medal from the Chinese National Government in 1930 for her work against opium.

M. R. WERNER is the author of "Barnum," "Brigham Young," and "Bryan."

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